

AUGUST 1913 Holiday Story Number Price 6^p

THE QUIVER



To be out of the
fashion
IS TO BE
OUT OF THE
WORLD,
BE IN THE
FASHION
AND
TAKE
BEECHAM'S
PILLS.

LARGEST SALE
IN THE WORLD.



THE QUIVER

Nothing but a Skeleton—Brought back to health by

Mellin's Food



A happier mother, thanks to Mellin's Food, is Mrs. B. Sampson, of 71 Victoria Avenue, Cromwell Road, Hounslow. She writes, as might be expected from the facts, in enthusiastic terms:—

"At two months my son was nothing but a skeleton, and was brought back to life and health by 'Mellin's.' I was recommended to try Mellin's Food, and was more than pleased to see in three days' time a decided difference in him. Now at nine months he weighs 28 lbs. His flesh is absolutely firm and as solid as a rock. I shall always recommend Mellin's to every mother who has a delicate baby, for when I see my own bonny boy, I feel thankful enough I tried it."

Suits even the feeblest babe from birth.

In "Mellin's," when prepared with fresh cow's milk, there are all the essentials of a satisfactory food for baby. "Mellin's" contains flesh and bone-forming elements in scientific proportion. It is easily assimilated. Moreover, it is a food that makes baby satisfied.

Book for Mothers & Sample Free.

A generous Sample of Mellin's Food, together with a useful Mother's Handbook, "The Care of Infants," will be sent free to any address on application. Write, mentioning this Mag., to—

Sample Dept., MELLIN'S FOOD, Ltd., Peckham, London, S.E.

FOR COSY SLUMBER-SUITS USE REAL SCOTCH WINCEY



KEEP the children cosily clad at night by making their nightwear of Lawrie & Smith's Real Scotch Wincey. This is the same material that thousands of women up and down the country find so satisfactory for the making of blouses, shirts, &c. It

wears splendidly and takes repeated washing without detriment to its goodness. Because of these qualities, and also because it is so beautifully smooth and soft, Lawrie & Smith's Real Scotch Wincey is the ideal material for Children's Slumber-Suits. It is splendid for Ladies' nightgowns and slumber-suits, too, and men's pyjamas. The patterns are pleasing and varied. Lawrie & Smith also sell a Scotch Wincey made of silk and wool—a blend of materials giving the absolute maximum of softness and warmth. Prices in each case are extremely moderate, ranging in Wincey from 10/6 yard, and in silk and wool from 1/11 yard. Send a post card

today to Lawrie & Smith, Scotch Wincey House, Ayr, Scotland, for patterns ("G.") and prices of these splendid materials, post free.

Q—Aug., 1913.]

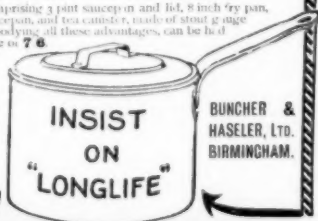
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"Longlife" Aluminium Cooking Utensils are Good to use; Good to look at; Light to lift; Quick to boil; Easy to clean; Nothing to chip; Nothing to rust; White all through; Last a lifetime; Save time; Save labour; Save fuel; Brighten the kitchen; Lighten the work.

No Wonder Cook Likes Them.

No. 1 Set, comprising 3 pint saucepan and lid, 8 inch fry pan, 2 pint milk saucepan, and tea canister, made of stout gauge aluminium embodying all these advantages, can be had at the low price of 7/6.

From any
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or Stores,
or carriage
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the makers.



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**ACIDITY of the STOMACH,
HEARTBURN, HEADACHE,
GOUT and INDIGESTION.**

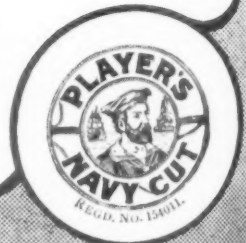
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be obtained from all Stores
and Tobacconists of repute.*

O465



£2645 offered for Happiness

There is a first prize of £1000 in the great Kodak Happy Moment Competition—£1000 for six jolly Kodak snapshots—£1000 for being happy.

You can win £1000 this summer by being happy. You must be happier than anyone else for a few minutes and you must take six happy Kodak snapshots to show how happy you have been.

£1000 for a Week-end

Put these snapshots in a "Happy Moment" album, and hand it to your Kodak dealer. Then get another album and fill that, for you may send in as many albums as you like, and there is no entrance fee. Fill a "Happy Moment" album each week-end.

This is *not* a photographic competition, and it does not matter how good or how bad your snapshots may be. Happiness will win 1000 prizes, and you should carry off one of these.



"Happy Moments"

Be sure you ask a Kodak dealer for the delightful little book of the Competition. It's called "Happy Moments," and it's free.

**Kodak Ltd.,
Kingsway,
London, W.C.**

National Fight against Hair-Poverty

Stop Your Hair Turning Grey or Falling Out

Post Office co-operates in distributing Wonderful Free Gifts for Growing Healthy and Beautiful Hair to Every Reader who applies

THE great campaign against Baldness, Greyness, and Hair-Poverty is gaining force every day. The Post Office is co-operating in the work of distributing the free gifts for growing healthy hair to all who apply. The Postman will bring you one of these Free Outfits if you write for it to-day.

Thousands of letters are pouring in at the headquarters of "Harlene Hair-Drill" from ladies and gentlemen anxious to take part in this distribution. These letters show how serious a thing Hair-Poverty is. Readers will be glad they can avoid it by means of the Coupon printed below.

Serious Results of Hair-Poverty.

"I cannot get employment anywhere," writes one gentleman, a book-keeper and ledger clerk by profession, "because of my grey hair. They say I look too old—45 at least—although I assure them I am still under 40, which is the case. Can you do anything to help me?"

Ladies, too, are most anxious to secure this free health-help for their hair.

"It used to be beautiful," writes one, "but now it is so thin and skimpy-looking that I could cry when I see myself in the looking-glass. It makes me look years older than I really am, and it is still coming out. I should be most grateful for anything that will stop this continual thinning and start my hair growing thickly again."

To all the applicants Mr. Edwards, the world-famous Toilet Specialist, issues one reply. "Try the royal way," he says. "I will send it you free."

And forthwith a complete outfit (containing everything required for banishing Greyness and Baldness and growing healthy and abundant hair) is sent as a Free Gift to the writer.

Wherever "Harlene Hair-Drill" is practised its effects are soon shown in the rapidly improving hair of those who follow this marvellous two-minutes-a-day method.

This Triple Gift for Your Hair—FREE.

Cut out the Coupon printed opposite. Fill in your name and address. Enclose 3d. in stamps to pay the postage. And send to Edwards' Harlene Co.

By return the following Gift Outfit will be yours. It contains the following:

1. A Trial Bottle of Edwards' "Harlene" for the Hair. This delightful preparation feeds the hair and stimulates the hair-roots. It makes the

hair soft and glossy, and invests it with a beautiful lustre and luxuriance.

2. A Trial Package of Edwards' "Cremex" for the Scalp. It keeps the scalp clean and comfortable. It dissolves Scurf and banishes Irritation of the Scalp.

3. A Copy of Mr. Edwards' "Hair-Drill" Manual, containing the secret rules which made his

fame, the toilet rules which, practised for two minutes every day, make and keep your hair healthy and luxuriant, free from the slightest sign of Baldness, Greyness, or Hair-Poverty.

Here are some of the Hair Weaknesses and Scalp Disorders absolutely and quickly cured by "Harlene Hair-Drill."

Baldness.
Falling Hair.
Thin Weak Hair.
Lank Straight Hair.
Scurf and Dandruff.
Greyness, total or partial.
Greasy Hair.
Dull Discoloured Hair.
Dry Brittle Hair.
Irritation of the Scalp.

A personal trial will convince you of the unbounded merits of "Harlene Hair-Drill" as practised daily, for two minutes a day, by Royalty and leading members of Society.

Mr. Edwards does not wish you to accept his word on faith, but he does want you to try "Harlene Hair-Drill" for one week at his expense.

After revealing the wonderful effect "Harlene Hair-Drill" has upon your hair and scalp you will be able to purchase further supplies of all chemists and stores, in 1s., 2s., 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles; and "Cremex" in boxes of 7 shampoos for 1s., or single shampoos, 2d.; or sent post free on receipt of P.O. from Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C. Foreign orders freight extra.

This Coupon entitles you to the Triple Toilet Outfit for Banishing Baldness and Greyness, and Growing Healthy, Luxuriant Hair—FREE.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,

104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send to the address below the Free Outfit for Growing Healthy Hair by the Royal method of "Harlene Hair-Drill." I enclose 3d. in stamps; foreign stamps accepted in payment of the carriage of the above. (This 3d. will take the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit to any address.)

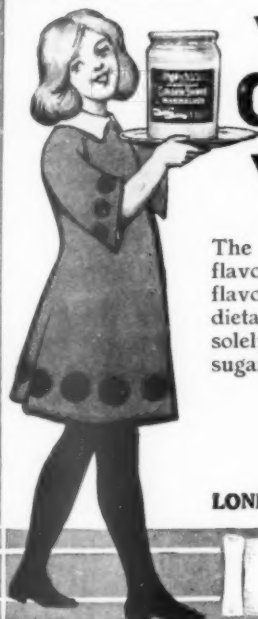
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

THE QUIVER, August, 1914.



By return post the Postman will bring you this wonderful Health, Strength, and Beauty-giving Gift for your Hair. It will banish Baldness, Greyness, and all forms of Hair and Scalp Trouble from your Head, and grow luxuriant Hair, by means of two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill." To secure this Triple Outfit use the Coupon printed below—and use it at once.



Watch the Little Ones' eyes
sparkle when they get

Golden Shred Marmalade

The clean palates of children never mistake flavour. "Golden Shred" retains all the natural flavour of the rich, ripe orange, and makes a dietary tonic of unsurpassed purity. Made solely from finest selected fruit and the best sugar—nothing else.

Produced under perfect hygienic conditions
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| 3 ft. by 6 ft. 6 in. | £2 2 0 |
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v

Catalogue and Guide, "How to Furnish,"
sent free. Mention *The Quiver*.



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The Hair Grower,
"Genuine," "Good," "True."

"Don't envy a good
head of hair. Use
Tatcho and have it."

Sea air ruins the hair. The distress caused by seeing it daily becoming greyer and greyer, losing its life and lustre, falling out literally in handfuls, completely spoils the enjoyment of your holiday. If you want the remedy, genuine, good, true, get Geo. R. Sims' Tatcho, and you've got it. Tatcho is Genuine. It is recommended by over fifteen hundred physicians.

Chemists and Stores, 1/-, 2/9, and 4/6, or direct, 5 Great Queen Street, London.

93

Awards.



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Regina
NURSERY.

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Particularly beneficial in its effects on the skin and complexion. Its emollient and tonic properties promote the smoothness and health of the skin, and allay irritation caused by sun or wind, while its antiseptic properties ward off infection. 2½d. per Tablet.

Sold by Grocers, Chemists and Stores.

PRICE'S, London — Paris.



Do you want to be well and strong and hearty—fit to do your work, whatever it may be, without getting tired and fatigued? Here is a letter dated April 3rd of this year:—

DEAR SIRS,—I have much pleasure in writing and telling you what great benefit my mother has received in using your Cocoa. She has been a regular user of Vi-Cocoa for 14 years, and speaks very highly of it, as it is not only nice to taste, but has such good staying power. She says she can work several hours on two cups of your Vi-Cocoa where she could not work one on others. She has tried others, but she cannot get on so well with them; she says she is sure it is Vi-Cocoa that keeps her up, as she is such a small eater, and does not seem to want the food when she has Vi-Cocoa. She is 74 years old, and quite well and strong for her age. I myself and family like your Vi-Cocoa very much, and think it is the best. My children know the taste from other cocoas directly. I have given all sorts a trial, but yours bears all according to our liking. I am sure we wish your Vi-Cocoa every success, and we shall always recommend it to our friends. My mother's name is Mrs. Denton.

Yours truly,

MRS. BOSTON,

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Can you say that about any other food beverage? Won't you, for your own sake, for the sake of your family, try Vi-Cocoa? Prove its benefits for yourself. If you won't credit what thousands of other people say about Vi-Cocoa, you can trust your own experience. Take advantage of its benefits in health, strength, and endurance, and all that goes to make work enjoyable and life worth living.

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ASK FOR

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PERMANENTLY REMOVED

By my Scientific Treatment, Especially Prepared for Each Individual Case.

I SUFFERED FOR YEARS with a humiliating growth of hair on my face, and tried many remedies without success; but I ultimately discovered the **TRUE SECRET** for the permanent removal of hair, and for more than two years have been applying my treatment to others. **IF YOU ARE TROUBLED, WRITE TO ME.** Being a woman, I know of the delicacy of such a matter as this, and act accordingly. Please enclose stamp to pay postage.



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Send for Free Patterns. Also Book on making "Crochet Coats and Caps," or "Senior Girls' Knitted Coats." 1d. each; by post, 1½d. each.

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You must have noticed how well some women wear their gowns, how free they are from waist wrinkles, how closely they cling to the figure. Do you know the reason? It is because the shape is retained and because there has been no breakage of supports.

It is most probably because they wear Oktis. Anyway, no woman who wears Oktis can ever be subject to corset annoyance, for the Oktis double the life of your corsets. That means a good deal, doesn't it?

Ask your Draper for them, and be sure to say "OKTIS."

Direct from Scotch Maker to Wearer.

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In russet-brown willow calf. Hand-made.




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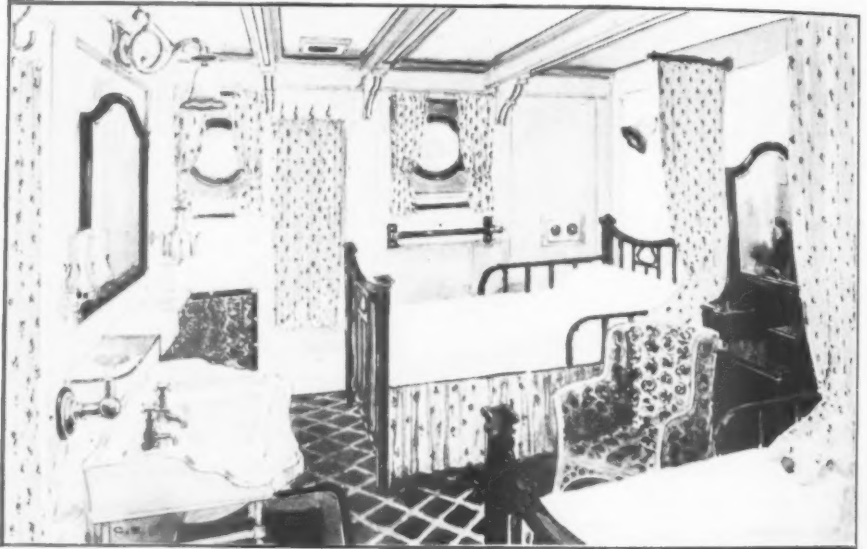
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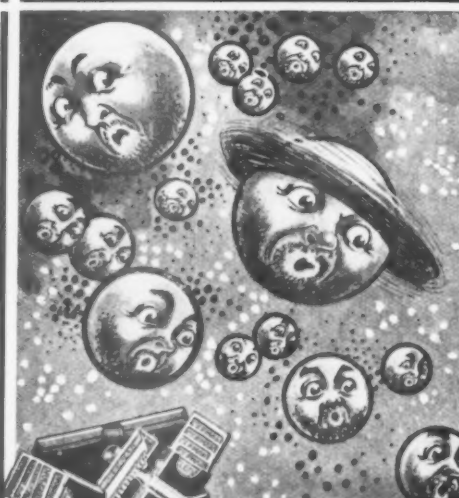
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THE QUIVER

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THE LAND OF SWEET FORGET

By THE EDITOR

AUGUST, by general practice, is the holiday month, and hundreds of thousands of people, during the next few weeks, will be drinking in the delights of seashore and moorland. Those who cannot get away from home will do their best to simulate the holiday spirit by living the open-air life, and forgetting as much as possible the worries of the office and the cares of the home. "Forgetting"; yes, that is the spirit of the holidays. We leave behind us the everyday cares and concerns of our mundane world and, for a few short weeks, sojourn in the Land of Sweet Forget.

But too often, when holiday-making, we forget not only business and the home, but

that round of little charities that sweeten and ennoble life.

The collection suffers whilst you are away. The League of Loving Hearts helps ten societies whose work goes on just the same all through the holiday season. The work goes on as usual, but, alas! so many of the contributors are in the Land of Sweet Forget that the funds suffer.

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° AVGVST °

*Merry be the first
and merry be the last.
And merry be first
day of August.*





A ROADSIDE SCENE, NEWLYN, CORNWALL.
(See "The Charm of Cornwall" p. 926.)

Photo:
Frost, Penzance.



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THE QUIVER



VOL. XLVIII., No. 10

AUGUST, 1913

THE RIGHT OF WAY

The Story of a Scottish Feud

By H. HALYBURTON ROSS

JAMES MACFARDEN was a fearsome man to his family and his associates, dreaded alike for his ungovernable rage and his mordant satire. As the hotel proprietor at Lochinch, he possessed considerable influence in the neighbourhood, and, until the induction of the Rev. Gordon Gilchrist to the parish, he exerted his power autocratically. But from that era a new condition of affairs arose. Their first encounter was over the matter of a right of way that had long existed across the hotel lands to the church. Former proprietors had made no difficulty about the privilege, but Macfarden was otherwise minded, and had at once declared the right of way closed—substituting barbed-wire entanglements for the ancient stiles. The complaints of the more elderly of his parishioners, who found the added mile and a half by the road a just grievance, first opened the minister's eyes to the illegality of the proceeding, and he appealed to Macfarden in a friendly spirit to redress the evil. Being met by an uncompromising refusal, he carried the affair before the Presbytery, with the result that the petition was immediately granted in his favour.

On the Sunday that followed the reopening of the right of way, Macfarden stationed himself beside the stile whence it emerged into the road, rubbing his hands and accosting each of the worshippers who had availed themselves of the privilege with a sarcastic

greeting. The harsh bell was clanging in the church opposite, little groups of people had gathered among the gravestones to watch the proceedings.

As the minister approached down the road that led from the manse, the smile died in the hotel proprietor's face.

"Good-morning, Macfarden—it's a fine day," said Gordon, halting deliberately.

Macfarden's answer was to cast his glance all round the heavens. "Aye, the sun's shinin' noo," he agreed, pawing his stubbly beard, "but we'll pay for it later—there's always the reckoning," with the smile that revealed the rows of jagged, fang-like teeth and left the eyes cold and relentless.

"Those of us with a clear conscience can face even that contingency," asserted the minister coolly.

As he spoke, a girl simply dressed in blue serge, yet looking somehow different from, and superior to, the rustic population, passed them hurriedly. She was Robina Strachan, the schoolmistress, and she played the harmonium in church. Macfarden returned her greeting with an exaggerated deference and a flash of the ominous smile; the minister raised his silk hat gravely.

"Milk and water," muttered Macfarden as he turned his head from following the girl's figure. "A teethin' scule-board. Nae woman can use the tawse as they suld be used."

The minister smiled slightly. The appoint-

THE QUIVER

ment of a woman to the Lochinch School had been made before his time, but he had heard tales enough of Macfarden's opposition to the step. His own bias was in favour of the experiment, and the hotel-keeper, knowing this, never lost the chance of a sarcastic allusion to the subject.

"Perhaps Miss Strachan's authority is independent of the tawse," he remarked tolerantly.

Macfarden's eyes had opened wide as he was speaking—his jaw dropped, giving a peculiarly insolent expression to his face.

"Well, it's natural, I suppose, tae find the minister on the side of the angels," he drawled.

Gordon laughed outright now, but there was an angry note in his merriment. The imputation of youth and immaturity in the allusion stung him as Macfarden had intended it should. It was the disparity in their ages that made his opponent's late victory most bitter to the hotel-keeper—a man young enough to be his son—and the minister on his side was just at the time of life to resent any such stricture. Nevertheless, that same afternoon saw him setting off for the schoolhouse—Macfarden's aspersions had somehow acted as a challenge to him, while at the same time quickening his interest in the schoolmistress. Several times during the service he had found himself glancing down at her as she sat before the harmonium that morning—an innate refinement seeming to differentiate her from the more floridly attired members of the choir around her. Hitherto his idea of her personality had been a vague one; but he was set this afternoon on a more definite acquaintance.

The schoolhouse was a long, low cottage on the loch road, about a mile from the church.

Robina opened the door herself, responding to his greeting with her customary reserve.

Her mother was resting, she explained, but would be down for tea.

The minister, with the right of way uppermost in his mind, began to talk of Macfarden.

"I saw him making himself unpleasant this morning," said the schoolmistress.

Her words recalled the hotel-keeper's aspersions to her visitor's mind. He surveyed her curiously for a moment. Gentle and womanly as the face was, there was a latent strength about the finely cut lips and the

steadfast gaze of the blue-grey eyes that contradicted any suspicion of "milk and water."

"He is afraid you can't use the tawse," he acknowledged, laughing.

She echoed the laugh with a spontaneous merriment.

"At present his own hopefuls are the black sheep of the school," she explained, "and I imagine he sees effectually to their chastisement."

"Young savages," echoed the minister; "yet there is a sort of tribal loyalty among them," and he proceeded to enumerate the many petty indignities he himself had had to suffer since his feud with Macfarden: how the gate of the glebe park was continually being found open—his cows strayed—and opprobrious epithets chalked on the white posts of the drive.

In the middle of his narration Mrs. Strachan appeared, and Robina departed into the kitchen to get tea. The old lady was almost stone deaf, and in his endeavours to make conversation for her, the minister realised for the first time something of the loneliness of the schoolmistress's life—dependent as she was for society on the companionship of this afflicted old woman.

It was almost dark when he rose to go. Robina accompanied him to the door. The peace of the Sabbath evening lay over the land—not a sound broke the stillness, save the harsh crying of a corncrake, or the desolate wail of a curlew from the loch side. For some moments they lingered in conversation—a sudden sense of intimacy seemed to have sprung up between them, dimly realised by both. The minister's hand was extended in farewell, when a series of shrill calls from the roadway startled them. Over the top of the opposite hedge two impish, derisive faces appeared for a second—then ducked again: Geordie and Ian Macfarden, the youngest members of the hotel-keeper's family.

The minister felt a hot impulse of anger, but it was on his companion's behalf, not his own.

"Good-evening; I must not keep you standing."

She had turned quickly, before he could catch more than a glimpse of her confused face, and disappeared into the house.

He strode down the little path to the gate, still indignant and determined to bring his

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tormentors to book, but they had doubled away in the shelter of the hedge, and he reached the manse without seeing a sign of them.

Later in the evening he started on his bicycle for Troom, an outlying district, where he held a service on alternate Sunday evenings in the schoolhouse. The long ride there and back cooled his vexation and enabled him to take a more philosophic view of the incident. His lingering annoyance was still entirely on Robina's behalf—no thought of any awkwardness on his own account occurred to him—that supreme, almost unconscious belief in his ministerial prerogatives, that had so tantalising an effect on Macfarden, precluded the possibility.

On arriving at home he found yet another call awaiting him. The herd's wife, in Glen Sorbie, who had been ill for some time, had taken a sudden turn for the worse, and an urgent summons had been dispatched for the minister.

Hastily swallowing some supper, he started out again, this time on foot. The "right of way" would materially shorten the distance, and there was a grim satisfaction in availing himself of the privilege.

A little wind had arisen that rustled among the trees by the loch shore and stirred the long grass of the meadows he was traversing. Every now and then the moon rode out from behind a cloud, flooding the peaceful countryside with an uncanny radiance. It was in one of these brief intervals that he suddenly beheld a figure leaning against the stile in front of him where the "right of way" terminated. The outline and pose were unmistakable—it was Macfarden. What morbid impulse bred of his defeat had lured him out over the scene of his humiliation? the minister wondered. He was smoking, and paid no heed to the other's approach.

"I have been sent for to Glen Sorbie," Gordon stated quietly. "Mrs. Dingwall is worse, and has asked to see me."

He half paused, waiting for the other to move aside, but Macfarden's shoulders were planted firmly against the stile—he made no sign of having heard the explanation.

"I must trouble you to let me pass," said the minister, still in the same calm tones.

The hotel-keeper slowly removed his pipe from his mouth.

"The road wad hae been a shorter cut for you to-night," he said, "gin you're afeerd

for your broadcloth," his mouth widening into a smile as he cast a significant glance from right to left at the network of barbed wire on either side of the stile.

"We shall see," said the minister.

"We *shall* see," snarled Macfarden, his rage rising. "Div you think you're tae win all along, you snivelling white-faced limmer o' a parson? Richt o' way, is it? I'll show anither richt—the richt o' micht. Come, let's see your mettle," the passion had died suddenly out of his voice—the old sneering note had appeared in it.

There was a pause—the minister had slipped his watch out of his pocket as the other was speaking. His face had whitened, but the tightening of his lips betrayed his determination.

"I'll give you two minutes to get out of my way, Macfarden," he said. "If you haven't quitted by then, I'll make you."

A hoarse laugh from the hotel-keeper greeted the threat, as he surveyed the boyish proportions of his antagonist.

"Come on," he cried, again swelling himself out in mock preparation for the onslaught. "Why bide sae lang? Time is precious."

But the words died on his lips.

The minister had thrust his watch back into his pocket, and, with a sudden agile movement, hurled himself at his opponent. So unexpected was the rush that he had clambered almost on to the other's shoulders before Macfarden collected his wits. Then the devil was loosed in him—stiffening his body, he put forth his whole strength.

There was a cry—a hurtling through the air—a crash—then stillness.

CHAPTER II

JAMES MACFARDEN sat in the little parlour in the back premises of the hotel, an open ledger before him. His face wore a heavy glowering look of defeat—the summer's reckonings showed a steady decline in the receipts. Visitors had been scarcer than ever at Lochinch that year: the place was going down—decreasing in popularity.

He shut the heavy book with a bang. From the window, where she was seated knitting, his wife turned at the sound, a watchful look on her patient little brown face.

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Macfarden was gazing past her at the swaying branches of the elms in the kirk-yard opposite. It was a wild autumnal day with a threatening of rain in the air. From the open door of the building came the strains of the harmonium; Robina Strachan was practising the hymns for the morrow's service.

All at once his eyes brightened. The minister had passed down the road and entered the church; his left arm was in a sling—at the sight of it the hotel-keeper shuddered involuntarily. Even after a fortnight he could not recall their moonlight encounter without horror: the shock of his emotions as he knelt beside the prone figure of his victim in the dark roadway, the terrible suspicion that he was dead. It was to the minister's generosity that he owed his own acquittal. Gordon had persisted in the story that his fractured collar-bone and bruised condition were the result of his impulsive haste in crossing the stile: thus laying his enemy under a double burden of defeat and obligation.

The strains of the harmonium had ceased abruptly.

Mrs. Macfarden, who had interpreted the sudden lightening of her husband's eyes, turned artlessly from the window.

"What'll hae taen Gilchrist tae the kirk at this hour, faither?" she inquired with a little tee-hee of amusement. She was not malicious by nature, but loyalty to husband and children were stronger than any principle, and could tempt her even to calumny. A wintry smile appeared in the hotel-keeper's eyes.

"Business, nae doot, an' pleasure combined," he returned sardonically, rising as he spoke and striding to the door.

Meanwhile, in the church, the subjects of their speculation were conversing amicably. The minister had gone there to copy the register of a marriage for an absent parishioner—not thinking to find Robina, but was none the less pleased at doing so. Owing to his accident, it was their first encounter since the contretemps in the schoolhouse porch, and the remembrance of that incident still lingered uncomfortably in the girl's mind—though her companion appeared to feel no awkwardness from the memory.

"You have finished your practice?" he said at last interrogatively. "It will soon be too dark for you to see."

She hesitated—but he was already collecting her music with his one available hand, and preparing to close the harmonium. Together they passed out of the church—a blustering wind met them at the door. In the hotel porch opposite Macfarden was standing, pipe in mouth. He saluted the pair, as if startled by their appearance, but neither noticed his attempted simulation.

"I have a message for you from Mrs. Dingwall, the herd's wife," said the minister, as they turned up the road to the manse; "she is better, and is looking forward to a visit from you."

Robina acceded quietly: "I will walk up there to-morrow afternoon, and see her."

Her tone was preoccupied. In reality, she was bracing herself to consult her companion as to a problem that had suddenly arisen in her life. That morning she had received a letter from the School Board at Drumfairley, her old home, offering her the school there at a larger salary than she received at Lochinch, and for her mother's sake she felt she should accept it. It was the dread of hearing her conviction corroborated by the minister that made her hesitate. To leave Lochinch now—with all it meant for her!

"There is something on your mind?" said Gordon suddenly, turning to her as he spoke.

She laughed—colouring a little beneath his scrutiny. How perceptive he was! Then in a few words she put him in possession of the facts. He was so long in replying, that she began to have scruples as to her right in consulting him. Had she encroached too far on his late friendliness?

"I dare not advise you," he said at last, in a new, cold voice. "The advantages all seem to be on the side of Drumfairley—but—" he broke off.

She said nothing, hesitating how to interpret his objection.

"You have been very successful with the scholars here," he went on more quickly. "It seems a pity to forfeit what progress you have made for an additional £20 a year."

Despite the studied coldness of his tone, there was an underlying note of eagerness that she could not fail to detect.

"I do not want to leave Lochinch," she said, striving to speak with indifference. "I like the place, and the people have been very kind."

"Well, you need not decide at once," said



"Macfadden returned her greeting with an exaggerated deference and a flash of the ominous smile"—p. 913.

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Gunning King

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the minister, pausing as they reached the white gate of the manse drive. "It is a subject for thought and deliberation. I will see you again on the matter." His hand went quickly up to his hat, and he had turned from her almost before she had time to murmur her thanks.

With a strange mingling of emotions, she continued on her way to the schoolhouse. As she entered the dark little lobby, her eye was caught by an envelope that had been thrust beneath the door. She picked it up abstractedly, and went on into the parlour to the right. A bright fire was blazing on the hearth, and going down on her knees before it, she examined the letter by the light of the flames. The superscription was in an unknown hand, palpably disguised.

With a stirring of curiosity she opened it.

"A friend advises you to leave Lochinch. The minister is only playing with you. He has a sweetheart in Glasgow."

A numbness overcame her as she read—for some time she swayed to and fro—the letter crumpled in her hand—her unseeing eyes on the fire.

"The minister is only playing with you." Then, gradually, her faculties reasserted themselves. Who had done this thing? To whom had she betrayed the safely guarded secret of her heart? A "friend"—the word seemed to mock her. Yet the advice was the very same she had been trying to impose upon herself ever since the letter from Drumfairley had arrived that morning—to take the dreaded step at once—tear herself up, and go while yet her self-respect remained to her.

The recollection brought a sudden access of comfort with it—that way, at least, lay open to her—a way of escape from the intolerable shame of her situation! To write and accept the Drumfairley offer, and at the same time send in her resignation to the Lochinch School Board, would be enough to silence the calumnious voice of rumour and cut the ground from under her traducer's feet!

Rising, she groped to the table and drew pen and paper towards her. Despite her effort at control, her hand shook as she essayed to write—the resignation first—the other letter could stand over.

It was to the minister, as chairman of the School Board, she must direct it. How surprised he would be by her sudden decision—

offended doubtless. But what did that matter—what did anything matter, save the rescue of her threatened pride and self-respect? A few minutes later she was hastening again along the darkening road to the post-office. Through the glebe trees on the right she could see the lights of the manse glimmering serenely. The sound of the letter dropping into the box was like a knell to her heart.



How to face the congregation the following morning was the problem that tormented Robina all through that long, troubled night. If it had been any day but Sunday! As a rule, she looked forward to her duties on the Sabbath—but on this occasion the prospect was fraught with terrors. The ordeal, however, proved less formidable than she had anticipated. There was nothing in the rows of stolid faces confronting her to suggest their cognisance of what had occurred. Only the minister appeared a little paler—a little sterner than usual—as she cast a hurried glance up at the pulpit. He must have received her letter that morning—could that have accounted for his changed demeanour?

The sunshine of the October day flooded the church. The birds twittered in the leafless branches of the elms outside, as if another spring had come—and in a month Robina would be gone—unmissed—her place taken by another!

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice."

The drawling voices of the congregation in the "Old Hundredth" filled her ears, and seemed to mock at the sudden stab of pain the realisation had brought. Why, oh, why had that cruel unknown hand dealt her such a remorseless blow?

As she was leaving the church at the conclusion of the service, she found herself next to Beth Macfarden, the eldest of the hotel-keeper's family—"Auld Beth," as she was disrespectfully named in the neighbourhood—a frustrated love affair in her youth having converted her into a soured, embittered middle-aged woman.

She averted her head at sight of Robina, but the girl murmured some friendly word of greeting. She had always felt more drawn to Beth than to any other of the hotel colony,

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and, as a rule, the elder woman responded civilly enough to her overtures—but this morning the sallow face beneath the unbecoming black hat remained sullen and forbidding, and she edged away through the crowd, leaving the schoolmistress alone.

Later in the day Robina started for Glen Ariff. Her promise to the minister in regard to the herd's wife had not been forgotten in the stress of her late emotions. There was even an added sanctity in the obligation, seeing that it was, perhaps, the last request of his she would have an opportunity of fulfilling. Mrs. Dingwall was, besides, one of Gordon's staunchest partisans, and on this account, too, the girl felt drawn towards her.

She was preparing to take her departure at the conclusion of a long visit, when the door of the shieling opened suddenly, and the minister himself stepped quietly across the threshold. There was the same stern look about his lips they had worn in church that morning, but the keen mountain air had brought a fresh glow to his face, and he appeared younger and comelier to Robina's eyes than ever before. He offered no excuse for his presence, but, after a few words of greeting to his hostess, he turned quietly to the girl.

"I have to thank you for a letter this morning—we will discuss it on the homeward way."

The new masterful note in his voice sent a thrill through her heart—so she was not to be allowed to leave Lochinch without a struggle? He had plainly sought the occasion—had come there purposely to meet her. What wonder that her spirit rose to the challenge.

"By the way, would you mind if we took the short cut by Robbie's Heugh?" he said, as they emerged from the cottage. "This is the evening of my service at Troom, and I have left myself just time to get back," he broke off, as Robina turned obediently down a little steep track through the heather.

All around them was the silence of the mountains—broken only by the bleat of a ewe from the hill-side, or the murmuring rush of a burn; a sickle moon shone faintly in the sky.

"To waste no time," the minister continued in the same business-like tone, "when you left me yesterday evening, you appeared still doubtful about the comparative advan-

tages of Lochinch and Drumfairley; but your letter of resignation must have been written immediately on your return home. Is it inquisitive to inquire what hastened your decision?" She smiled involuntarily. How shocked he would be by a truthful rejoinder!

"I made up my mind," she said lightly, almost flippantly.

"Indeed, and what if I, as chairman of the School Board, refuse to accept your resignation?"

He was scanning her attentively through the dusk as he spoke.

"I should have to tender my resignation in person, that is all!" she said. "Your Board meeting is this day week, is it not?"—fighting down the exultation that the combat was arousing within her.

"I might still refuse to accept it," he broke off.

Robina laughed softly.

"You may laugh," he retorted, "but there is more involved in the question than your personal feelings. Your appointment was an experiment, and in throwing it up you are leaving your supporters in the lurch and conferring an unfair advantage on the opponents of the scheme. Think, for example, of the unholy triumph of Macfarden."

She caught her breath sharply as he left off—so here was the secret of his anxiety for her to remain revealed at last. Personal considerations had nought to say to it. It was all part of his scheme of opposition to the hotel-keeper—she was but a pawn in the game.

"I am not altruistic enough, I fear, to be influenced by such considerations," she said coldly, when she had recovered sufficiently to speak. "One must do the best one can for oneself."

He recoiled involuntarily from the hardness of her tone.

"Nevertheless, I shall reserve the right to make known your resignation until I hear from you again on the matter," he persisted in a low, determined voice.

The coolness of the pronouncement was the last straw to her endurance—a gust of passion shook her—she halted abruptly, facing him in the growing dusk.

"I tell you I shall go—I am tired of Lochinch," she cried. "What is there to keep me here? I have no real friends—no one I care for in the place"; and without wait-



"Then the devil was loosed in him. Stiffening his body, he put forth his whole strength" p. 915.

Drawn by
Cuning King.

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ing to note the effect of her outburst on him, she turned and hastened blindly forward down the zigzag path: anything to escape from those cold, calculating arguments that seemed to reduce her personality to a mere abstraction—an item in the overthrow of the Macfarden dynasty—on and on, the path growing steeper every moment, till suddenly her foot slipped in some loose earth that concealed the rock face, and with a cry she pitched heavily forward.

CHAPTER III

BETH MACFARDEN was the most religiously minded of the hotel family—at least, as far as outward observance went. Thus, she never missed the bi-weekly service at Troom, riding the long distance on her bicycle, whatever the weather. It often happened that the minister caught her up, and would accompany her for the rest of the way. He had no idea of the value the lonely woman set upon these chance encounters. They had become the glory of her colourless existence, though she was careful not to betray her secret to anyone. But on this particular evening she glanced over her shoulder in vain. The minister must have started earlier than usual, or been detained. The latter supposition was encouraged by the sight of the little group of people gathered in front of the schoolhouse as she alighted. She was at once accosted with inquiries as to the minister's non-appearance.

"He's not often late," said one of the elders, "and he maist sends a message."

Beth went on into the lighted schoolroom, with its rows of ink-stained benches and the empty reading-desk. A strange sense of desolation possessed her. The black mood had been with her all day; since her encounter with Robina Strachan in the morning, she was almost frightened by the gust of hatred and fear that filled her heart at memory of the fair-haired schoolmistress. In some subconscious way she connected the girl with the minister's non-appearance.

Ten minutes passed—quarter of an hour—and still he did not come. The congregation were growing fidgety, wandering out into the roadway to strain their eyes through the growing darkness. At last the dominie, who acted as church officer on these occasions,

took his stand by the desk, and in a few brief sentences dismissed them.

"We can only trust that no ill has befallen Mr. Gilchrist," were his concluding words.

With this dire probability ringing in her head, Beth mounted her bicycle and rode home along the now black roads. Never had the way appeared so long or so eerie. Her frightened gaze turned from right to left, as if expecting to behold the minister's crumpled form by the roadside. But no such tragic sight rewarded her.

On arriving at home, she was besieged with questions as to the reason for her early return by the members of the hotel family gathered in the little lamplit parlour.

"Maist mysterious," ejaculated Macfarden, laying aside the volume of Talmage's sermons he was perusing at the conclusion of her recital.

"Best rin tae the manse, Beth, and find oot when the minister was last seen," put in her mother insinuatingly. But Beth demurred.

"Let Geordie run," she said sullenly. In five minutes the boy was back. The minister had started for Glen Sorbie after tea, and had not yet returned. His housekeeper, Mrs. Brodie, believed he had been offered a lift to Troom, and had not troubled herself over his non-appearance.

"Maybe he's at Dingwalls'," mused Mrs. Macfarden in her soft voice. "Wad you no tak a walk up the glen, faither, and see if he's there?" she added, turning to her husband. He rose at once, concealing his satisfaction at the suggestion.

"Aye, someone must do the searching," he retorted. "John and Airchie, you'd best come wi' me," signifying his two eldest sons.

The next moment the three men had filed from the room.

Beth followed them, and mounted the stairs to her attic chamber, where she locked the door and drew a chair to the window. The vigil before her could only be endured in solitude. By common consent the search-party chose the short cut over Robbie's Heugh. Further explorations must be guided by the information they received from the Dingwalls as to the minister's movements. They were proceeding steadily in single file—Macfarden in advance, waving his lantern to and fro over the dark hill-side—when a faint "Halloo!" from the steeper heights above them made them pause and

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then spur forward. There was no mistaking the tones of the voice—it was Gordon Gilchrist shouting for help. A moment later they had breasted the rocky incline and come upon a little stationary group of two—the prone figure of the schoolmistress on the ground, with the minister on guard by her side. His handkerchief was wound round her head—her face in the lantern light was still and livid.

"Thank God you have come at last!" muttered Gordon. "Miss Strachan fell and struck her head on a rock as we were walking home from the Dingwalls". She has been unconscious ever since. I could not lift her, thanks to this," indicating his own bandaged shoulder, "and dare not leave her to go for assistance."

"Maist providential the hale coincidence," said Macfarden slowly. It seemed, indeed, almost too good for belief that this thing should have occurred. Already, in imagination, he was forecasting the trouble that might accrue to his enemy through the mischance. "That you should hae forgathered at Dingwalls'," he continued deliberately, "and been walking hame together. If afae—" he paused.

The minister uttered a short discordant laugh—he was thinking of his own reckless obstinacy that had goaded the girl to her headlong course.

"The accident might not have happened," he blurted, careless of what interpretation was put upon his words.

Macfarden's gaze turned covertly towards his sons.

"Hasten, John, to the shepherd's, and try to get some sperrits," he commanded the next moment. "We must recover her afore we attempt a move."

The minister glanced curiously up at him through the darkness.

"I shan't forget this good turn, Macfarden," he said, as if conscious for the first time of his enemy's identity. "How did you come to know I was missing?" he added.

Macfarden's gaze was averted from his face.

"Oh, juiſt the service at Troom," he returned blandly. "Beth was the one tae gie the alarm."

"The service—yes!" muttered the minister. "Well, if she's spared, what matter the service?" he concluded below his breath.

A week had gone by.

It was the evening of the School Board meeting. As a rule, such functions were held at the schoolhouse, but, in view of the late accident to the schoolmistress and her still precarious condition, the manse dining-room had been preferred on this occasion. For the first two days that had followed that tragic Sunday evening, the girl had lain unconscious in her little attic chamber, and, even since the partial recovery of her senses, she had been strictly guarded from any reference to what had taken place.

Perhaps the one most seriously affected by the situation was the minister; not only anxiety on her behalf, but perplexity as to his procedure in the matter of her resignation kept him on thorns throughout the week. Was he justified in adhering to his determination to suppress it, in view of the new circumstances that had arisen? The more he thought over the incident, the more his sense of mystery deepened. Something overwrought and unnatural in the girl's manner that last night recurred to him to make him suspicious of her purpose. Supposing later on she relented of it, and he by his action had put it out of her power to retract! In despair, he finally resolved to leave the matter undecided, and be guided by the developments of the meeting.

Macfarden was the last to arrive. For him, too, the week that had passed had been one of strain and expectancy. The prospect of revenge that had opened before his eyes on the evening of the disaster had been daily increasing in richness. To-night it was to reach its fulfilment—nothing, he was assured, could hinder it.

As the minister had anticipated, Robina's accident formed the principal theme of debate—the probable length of her disablement involving the question of a substitute, and considerations as to salary, were, in turn, brought forward for discussion the while he sat silent and uncertain at the head of the table with her letter of resignation in his pocket. No one was surprised when Macfarden rose to propound his view on the subject—he seldom let such an opportunity pass—but something portentous and unusual in his manner of speaking this evening at once claimed their attention. As his oration proceeded their wonder grew. He was pleading for Robina's dismissal—not on the ground of his original opposition to her appointment,



"You'll have made up your mind very quickly?"
interrogated her visitor next"—p. 925.

Drawn by
Gunning King

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i.e. that she was a woman, but from a far other motive. Never had they heard him speak with such earnest conviction, such high-minded, almost chivalrous persuasiveness. It was impossible in those first stages of his eloquence to accuse him of any ultimate design in the charges he brought—true, not one of them had heard a whisper of the cruel and malicious rumours—associating the minister's name with Robina's, that he alluded to, and for which he had such a scathing judgment. But if they were aloof, surely it was only justice and common sense to take this step he advocated, and thus do their part in protecting the schoolmistress's reputation. What more natural, after all—as he pointed out—than that she—a young girl, hard set by the struggle for existence, and thrown for the first time into the society of a man, young, too, and in a superior status of life to herself—should have misconstrued his impulsive kindness and attentions (the latter underlined) and allowed herself to become romantically attached to him?

But at this juncture an unlooked-for interruption occurred. During the first part of his speech, amazement and incredulity had tied the minister's tongue, passing gradually, as the speaker proceeded, into a blind anger, equally paralysing to the faculties.

It was the sudden illuminating recollection of Robina's letter in his pocket that gave him back command of himself—how little he had dreamt of the dramatic potentialities it contained!

With a whitened face and eyes blazing with wrath, he leapt to his feet.

As he did so, the words he was saying died on Macfarden's lips, and for a moment the two men faced each other across the table in a silence that could be felt. It was no question of physical force between them this time, as in that former encounter in the moonlight, but somehow each realised that this was the final and culminating struggle. Then deliberately Gordon drew from his pocket the talisman that was to deliver his enemy into his hands. In a low, distinct voice he read the terms of Robina's resignation—those cold, brief sentences that gave no key to the anguish of mind in which they had been penned.

"I received this on the morning of Miss Strachan's accident," he concluded. "It was written on the very day she received the offer of the Drumfairley School. Truly,

Lochinch must have had great attractions for her, when she could seize this, the first opportunity of escape from it," and with a little half-contemptuous laugh he re-seated himself.

A profound silence had fallen again on the room—Macfarden was still standing open-mouthed in his place—the one upright figure at the table. But little by little his strength seemed to ooze from him, and he collapsed into a sitting posture. Again his adversary had conquered. The revenge on which he had built such high hopes had been turned against himself—the hypocrisy of his virtuous championship revealed. He could read the creeping realisation of his motive already foreshadowed on the unsympathetic faces round the table—those hard-headed colleagues of his, whose long knowledge of his character had been temporarily deluded by his persuasions—not one was on his side, not one but suspected that those very rumours he had condemned were the issue of his own imaginings—the day of reckoning was farther removed than ever—it would never dawn for him now. He had reached the nadir of his fortunes.



It was Robina's first day downstairs. Fully dressed, she lay on the sofa in the parlour window, looking out over the little garden with its tangle of phlox and nasturtiums bordering the pathway, and beyond it the loch road stretching out of her sight towards the village. Life again! She was in touch once more with events, after her long period of imprisonment, and there was so much she wanted to know—so many things she dare not ask. Chief of all, of course, was the question of her resignation. What step had the minister taken in the matter? The Board meeting was over, she knew; he must have made some definite decision.

She had received no hint of anything from the district nurse, who had been in attendance on her, or from her mother. The former had just taken her departure for the day after ensconcing her comfortably on her window couch. She could hear Mrs. Strachan moving about in the kitchen.

Her gaze turned wistfully down the road. Who would be the first to pass that way? Then a weariness overtook her, and she closed her eyes. The click of the gate made

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her open them sharply, and there was Beth Macfarden coming up the pathway to the house.

Robina tapped on the window, signing her to come in. A startled look of discomfiture crossed the fallow face as their eyes met through the pane, which it still wore when a moment later she entered the room.

"I'm sorry you're leaving," were her first words, as she seated herself awkwardly in the chair Robina had indicated. "I didn't expect to find you down to-day." A rush of colour had dyed the other's face as she spoke, which faded the next moment, leaving it ashen pale. For a moment, her heart seemed to stop beating, then with a heroic effort she recovered herself.

"Yes; I am going back to my old home," she said, "the temptation was too strong for me," and she laughed a strange little laugh.

"You'll have made up your mind very quickly?" interrogated her visitor next. The hard brown eyes had never left Robina's face.

"On the very day I received the offer," retorted the schoolmistress. "Let me see—that was the Saturday before my accident."

Her eyes had wandered to the window again; she was living again through the incident that had led to the decision, all the conflicting emotions of that afternoon. When she brought back her gaze to her visitor's face, she was surprised at the lemon hue that had overspread it.

"Why, what is it? What is the matter?" she cried.

Beth appeared even more agitated by her questioning.

"It's a queer turn I have sometimes," she muttered, rising and fumbling for her handkerchief. "I think I'm only tiring you; I'll be getting back now."

Her desire to escape was only too evident.

Robina made no effort to detain her—a curious flash of insight had come to her in that moment with regard to her visitor that seemed to make any further pretence of friendliness an hypocrisy.

Beth was either the writer of the anonymous letter, or a partner to it! But what could her motive have been? If beneficent, why her shamefaced demeanour, and how had she come by her knowledge of the minister's private life? The story of his Glasgow love affair must have been mali-

ciously concocted to destroy Robina's fancied aspirations.

She had reached this stage in her reflections, when, again glancing out of the window, she was greeted by the sight of the minister himself dismounting from his bicycle.

She held her breath as he came quickly, resolutely, up the path. Another moment and he had knocked. Would her mother hear the summons?—yes, she was coming down the passage from the kitchen; then followed a colloquy between them, in which Robina could only catch a word or two. Finally, Mrs. Strachan appeared at the door.

"The minister would like to see you for a moment, Robina, if you're able," she said.

The girl nodded acquiescence, and the next moment he was standing beside her—his face grave and imperturbable. She had meant to carry off the situation in a light and flip-pant way, but something in his manner prevented her.

"I—I have to thank you for making my resignation known," she faltered at last.

He gave a short laugh.

"I had no choice."

"What do you mean?" Her eyes were raised suddenly, apprehensively to his face.

"Because——" he said, and broke off.

"No—that is another story. I have something to tell you first."

She pointed to a chair, but he ignored the offer.

"That night, when I was speaking to you about your resignation," he continued in the same low, uncompromising tones, "my motive was entirely personal. I didn't realise it at the time. It wasn't the scholars, or Macfarden, I was thinking of—it was you! The dread of losing you—that was at the root of my opposition. I have come to know it since, and what I want to tell you is that I love you——" Again he paused.

A strange light had dawned in Robina's face as he was speaking. "And so—that was why—you," she began hesitatingly, but he interrupted her.

"I told you that was another story," he said. "It depends upon your answer to my question whether you are ever enlightened. Robina, will you be my wife?"

"I hadn't written to Drumfairley," she proffered.

He leant over her couch: "We will go to Drumfairley together," he said very low, "when we are married."



Cavern at the Lizard.

Photo: Preston, Penance.

THE CHARM OF CORNWALL

By ARTHUR HENRY ANDERSON

TO write of the charm of a county implies that one stands on firmer ground than at first thought seems possible. Brought suddenly before the idea underlying this title, the mind admits far more readily the conception of charms common to the country than to those peculiar to a county. Yet reflection and experience show how the old and persistent county boundaries correspond in an amazing degree to distinctive natural features. In so far is the idea justified.

In any case, however, one can claim for the county of Cornwall the existence of charms characteristic, peculiar, exclusive, often in essence, if more frequently in degree. How else can you account for its magnetism, for the marvellous compulsion laid upon many who, at first

incredulous and unwilling, presently surrender to its quite mystical influence and fly to its radiant shores as often as they may?

Oddly enough, in spite of the certainty of these charms, Cornwall as a county has suffered heavily from loosely-phrased and indiscriminate praise. Grandiloquent but vague assertions of beauty, charm, magnificence, have drawn hither many thousands whose minds have been filled with anticipatory visions as vague as beautiful, and at the sight of the bleak, bare uplands of Cornwall, as seen, let us say, near Newquay, the vision has faded, the bubble has burst. Not till an exact understanding of the real nature of her beauties has been laboriously acquired does Cornwall take her proper place in the minds of such

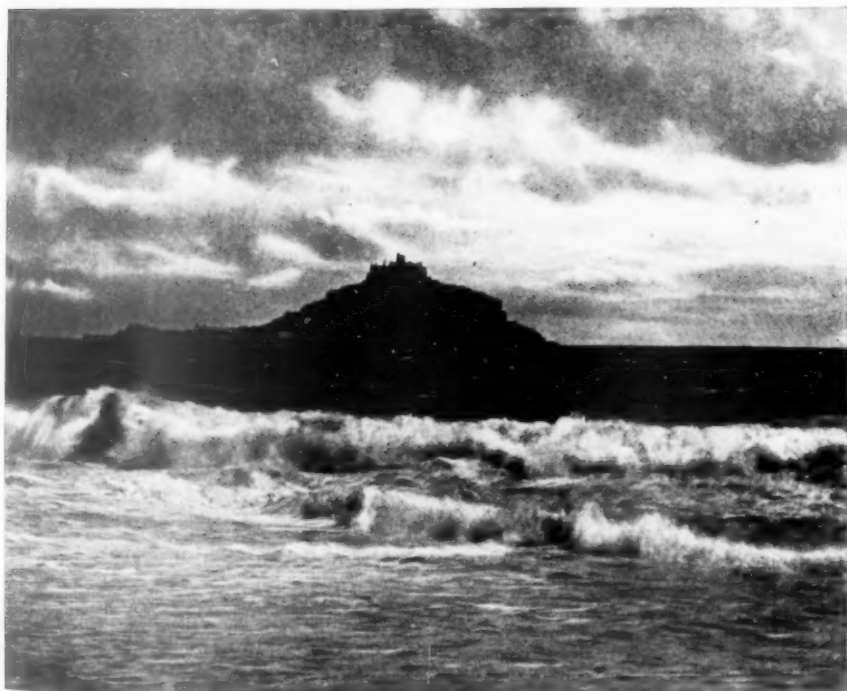
THE CHARM OF CORNWALL

disillusioned. It is, then, a careful writer's first business to supply a picture sufficiently exact as to involve neither disillusionment nor that painful reconstruction.

It is because few people realise the physical characteristics of Cornwall that this care is necessary. Once it is thoroughly understood that the county is a tableland (with a surface by no means level), that the uplands are for the greater part absolutely treeless, and, indeed, in many places sadly desolated by ruined engine houses and mine workings, and that the more obvious beauties are only to be found around the high, indented rim of its rocky shore and in the deep gashes and ravines along which its many streams make their way seawards—once this is understood, misapprehensions cease, and the subtler charms and colourings of the bleak and wind-swept moors begin to make their impress on minds already

appreciative of the more easily perceived beauties of coast, sea and river-valley.

It is, as is quite natural, first and most often in its wonderful coast scenery that the charm of Cornwall is felt. Though there are many for whom it remains not alone the outstanding, but the only and quite sufficient appeal, this is not by any means the county's single exclusive charm. There is, for instance, the almost incommunicable charm of those strange wild moorlands of the north and west, moorlands which to the elect exhale more of romance and mystery, and of a weird and subtle beauty, than any other of the uncouth and mountainous areas of our country. But for perception of these less palpable charms the mind must have been trained by thought, reflection, by long acquaintance. It is true that everyone can realise the marvellous beauty of colouring exhibited on these moorlands when sunshine and a radiantly clear atmo-



Rough Sea.
Mount's Bay.
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Photo by
Preston, Penzance.

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sphere follow after rain, when the bracken is gleaming, when the granite shines, and every moorland pool proudly bears its reflex of the rain-washed sky. These, however, are charms common to the coast scenery as to the moors, dependent on atmospheric effects, and obvious enough to be perceived quite naturally by the unobservant. There is another charm of these moorlands—the charm of their association with the ancients, the rude races of far-away times, whose achievements live alone in stones before which we stand baffled and mute; and there is the charm of legend and tradition. Truly it is not wonderful that from amid the heather-bells and the gorse spines, from the mighty rocks and the peat-rimmed pools, there should come some sweet and far-away harmonies, suggesting that here, if anywhere in England, the pipes of Pan are yet tuned to music.

Seek the Coast

All this, however, in due time; but the word for those who do not know Cornwall is, Seek ye the coast. It hardly matters where, for every inch of it is romantic and classic. If it offers the most apparent of Cornwall's beauties, it will no less satisfy every instinct and craving of the cultured mind. It is, of course, the natural product of natural conditions. Here are the oldest and the hardest rocks; here, too, are the wildest seas; and the age-long conflict of the two leaves a coast more magnificently romantic and inspiring than that of any other county in England.

The merest glance at a map shows how lengthy in proportion to the size of the county is the line of its coast. I have never studied the matter statistically, but I would be content to wager that it is actually the longest coast-line of any English county. Its length is no more noticeable than its variety, and as though to emphasise the prodigality of its charms, there are in the county of iron rocks some of the most characteristic examples of sandhills and even of marshy coasts. Thus, while at places there are cliff ramparts 500 feet in height, it seems, on the other hand, hardly impossible that the sea should some day make a clean breach across the swampy neck between St. Ives

Bay and Marazion. At the north-east there are the cruel cliffs of Morvenstow, which gave to Hawker so many saddening burial tasks; and there are the shaly cliffs near Bude, whose knife-like edges and contorted reefs break into spray the long and thundering rollers. Nowhere—not even at Land's End—is the coast finer than at Boscastle and Tintagel, where the indented range of ebony rocks dip sheer from grassy crests into deep water, the polished faces of the black slate gleaming like velvet; where spray-wet and sunlit jackdaws fly double—bird and shadow—across these huge cliff faces and make the crests echo with their happy cries; while far below the waves break in lace-like foam as they rush up some narrowing cove to grind again the gleaming, polished pebbles of a scanty strip of beach.

In the Land's End district the cliffs are of granite and basalt. Every steep, grassy slope is scarred and broken by the grey, squared rocks upthrust and protruding, and the cliff edges rise square and angular from where the real ocean beats restlessly upon the blackened bases. Here, as at the other parts of the coast, there is nothing more remarkable than the terraces of cultivated land, extending from the cliff edges to the infertile inland moors—terraces which lie spread for miles round the coast and open to the view from the granite peaks of, say, Carn Galva or Carn Kenidjack, broken only by stone hedges of croft and field, by solitary farms and villages, by the solid grey towers of churches, yet flooded by the radiance of sunshine and pure air which seem to be Cornwall's own exclusive possession, and rimmed ever by the pearly distances of a fairy sea. The effect is curious. You catch the sea at such an angle that the passing ships seem to be sailing in mid-air—infinately small, fragile and delicately poised.

On the South

The south coast differs vastly from the north. Broken up again and again by river estuaries or creeks of the sea, whose ramifications add to the complexity of the indented coast-line, the south, though in its headlands and promontories it repeats and varies the stern grandeur of

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the north, offers a more gentle beauty, the charm of wooded combes, which is so rarely found on the north—though when found, as at Combe Valley, at Boscastle, and at Mawgan, it is so precious. To these sheltered combes and slopes the prevailing mildness gives a tropical luxuriance and an all-the-year-round supply of flowers.

It is, too, usually in the shelter of a river mouth or in some steep-sided cleft, that there nestle the fishing villages, whose stone houses, broad-based and squat, with roofs of narrow slates thickly grouted, with chimneys like squat buttressed towers, with outside stairways, and with the tiny peepholes in the seaward side of their porches, contrast in their rude solidity with the dainty beauty of the flowers. Houses must be broad and square and massive to face the boisterous gales, yet is the air of such quality that flowers of the most gracious and delicate beauty blossom here as nowhere else.

Out of these villages there creep the Cornish fishing boats—from Mousehole, Newlyn, Porthleven, Coverack, or Mevagissey—to add to the natural charm of sea and coast the last grace of man's handiwork in the beautiful lines of these boats.

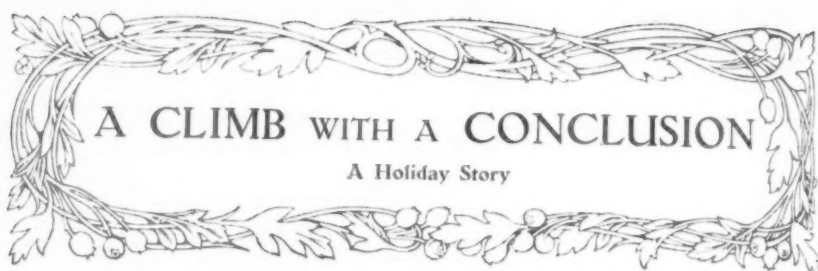
North and south have each a marvellous bay. Mount's Bay, with its long sweep of coast from

the Lizard to Penlee Point, lingers in the memory as a sun-bathed, golden vision, But St. Ives Bay, with its deep blue, its lines of foam on the firm sand, its spray drifting over the tossing summits of sandhills, with Godrevy, like a blunt-nosed tug fighting with the swirl of waters—surely this is no less beautiful.



Becalmed,
Mount's Bay.

Photo by
Preston, *France*.



A CLIMB WITH A CONCLUSION

A Holiday Story

By U. N. MACDONNELL

"I SAY, you'd better keep your rope looser. The guide warned us about that."

"Thank you," I said.

I believe I spoke disagreeably. I certainly meant to speak with chilling dignity. Just because fate had been cross-grained enough to tie us to the same end of the same rope and stand over us in the shape of a Swiss guide to keep us there, was no reason why Tom—I mean Mr. Ashburn—should try to force himself upon me and act as if Daisy Challoner did not exist, and we had never agreed to be strangers. I was not going to waste any thoughts on him. Besides, we were doing rock work just then, and I had not many thoughts to spare.

Pretty soon we began to go downhill again. It is absurd that a mountain can't heave itself up without changing its mind half a dozen times and having hollows all over it. This particular drop ended in a steep sloping rock with nothing to speak of at the bottom of it. Fritz sat down and slid. It looked as if he was sure to bounce when he got to the foot and jerk us all off into nowhere, but he didn't. Neither did the two men and a girl that were in front of me.

Then I sat down.

"Go slow," called Tom—Mr. Ashburn.

Now I admit that I felt very much like going slow. That rock looked a good deal steeper when I was on it than it did when the other people were. But, of course, after he said that I was not going to act as if I were afraid. I slid down as airily as I could, and then—

Somehow at the bottom I gave a queer little pitch forward. Before I had time to feel sick, the noose tightened around my body with a jerk that squeezed all my breath away.

I know now what it feels like to be hanged. I got steady on my feet in a second, and when I looked, I saw the people in front of me all leaning forward pulling the rope tight, and Tom at the top of the rock lying flat on his face. I don't know how he came that way; I didn't ask.

Fritz began to laugh when he caught my eye, and said:

"Sehr gut. Stead-y. Move on, Fraulein. Stead-y, Herr."

Mr. Ashburn looked very white when he came down. I wonder if he was badly frightened. And he said in a horrid way, "I wonder they let you go climbing. You'll kill yourself before you get down!"

I thought it was more dignified to say nothing, so I just squared my shoulders and went on. It was snow after this and there was no excitement, so I had nothing to think of but how soft the sun had made it and how tired my knees were getting. Perhaps it was by way of variety that I began to reflect what a figure of fun I made in my climbing clothes. Knickerbockers with a short skirt lack charm at the best of times, and yesterday I had tumbled into a peaty brook and my white sweater was a mottled mass of black and grey. Cold cream and powder to ward off sunburn, and goggles to prevent snowblindness, had made a Halloween mask of my face. But there! Nobody could see me but Mr. Ashburn, and I did not care what he thought!

Whew! How tired I was growing! And how my chest ached with struggling for a breath!

I heard the man in front say jovially:

"I've got my second wind."

"I've got my forty-second," groaned I dismally.

He turned and laughed.

A CLIMB WITH A CONCLUSION

"Take good care of it and it will last you to the top. There it is up there."

It was a most insignificant white bump, and it seemed very little to have toiled after since four o'clock that morning. But I was glad it was near, at any rate.

I was not so glad when we had really arrived and sat down to breathe and admire the view. Fritz pulled the knapsack off his back and began to make preparations for lunch.

"The Fraulein vill the cham open," he said to the other girl. His English was on a par with our German.

Then he told the man in front of me to slice the ham and the other one to cut the cheese. I felt what was coming.

"The Herr vill the bread schneiden and the Fraulein vill it mit butter——"

He handed To—I mean Mr. Ashburn—a great loaf of bread and a huge clumsy clasp-knife, and he gave me some butter with an ingratiating smile.

I passed it over to Mr. Ashburn as soon as Fritz had turned his back.

"Probably you would prefer to butter the bread yourself before you cut it," I said.

"Probably I would," he agreed dryly. "The butter wouldn't spread well if it were frozen."

I sat there and looked at nothing in particular. You see I couldn't move away because we were still tied up with those ridiculous ropes, and anyhow everybody else was working and it would have looked——

"Fine sport,

climbing!" said that horrid man, cutting the bread in great thick slices. "Encourages camaraderie and good-fellowship!"

I turned my back on him and edged off as far as the rope would let me. There was a great heap of glaciers and snowfields and black rocks tumbled around us, and I pretended to be admiring them. But I did not see very much of them. He need not have been so horrid. He knew as well as I did that everything was at an end, and we were nothing to one another. What did he expect? And he need not have spoken in that rasping, sarcastic way of his. He never used to use it to me. He used to be so charmingly eager and boyish and——

I might perhaps have cried a tear or two



"The noose tightened around my body with a jerk that squeezed all my breath away."

Drawn by
Noel Harrold.

THE QUIVER

if it hadn't been so cold and if he hadn't come and offered me one of his ploughboy slices of bread and butter. I had to take it too, for everybody was looking. But I didn't eat it—at least, not much of it.

Going down was harder work than climbing up. Fritz had a notion that the snow wanted to avalanche, and he made us come as if we were walking on eggs. We had to do it backwards, and so Mr. Ashburn, instead of being the last man on the line, became the first, and had the responsibility of kicking out the footholds for the rest of us. I almost wished he would make a slip, he was so aggravatingly cool and well pleased with himself. But he didn't. No fear. Even I can't deny that he is big and strong and capable.

The worst of it was that he made the holes so far apart that I could hardly reach them, and I knew that he was laughing at me. All the time Fritz kept shouting:

"Vait till you vind the holes. Kick your toes in hard."

It was a sort of shoulder we were on, I suppose, for before long our slope came to an end, and there was a sharp corner to turn. It was rather nasty. There was plenty of room once you were round, but at the turn there was only a ledge about a foot wide; it would not have been anything if we could have walked on it and have seen where we were going, but you see we were creeping backwards and could not change our positions. We had to back down on that little shelf and work along it backwards on hands and knees. I own I didn't enjoy the prospect, but yet I was annoyed when I saw out of the tail of my eye that Mr. Ashburn was waiting right where the drop came instead of creeping on. I didn't want any help from him!

I stepped boldly backwards, resolved to do it alone.

Then I discovered that the drop was too long for me!

One foot would not reach the ledge while the other was safe in its snowhole. And you see it was not rock work. I had no hand-hole. I could not lower myself.

I don't think I was ever really frightened before, but for the moment I don't mind admitting that I lost my nerve. The idea of jumping backwards upon those twelve slippery inches of rock made me dizzy. I halted miserably.

Then I felt a hand seize my ankle and draw the foot down until the toe touched something, and I gained courage to let myself go while Tom supported me. He is so strong. After all, it was a good thing he had not gone on.

"Thank you!" I said over my shoulder. He backed off, and went around the turn. I think he might have answered.

The man who came next had rather a bad time. The rope between him and me somehow got looped round a jagged point of rock and jerked him dangerously. I had to crawl forward again and get it off for him. That was easy enough, for I could see what I was doing, but afterwards we supposed that the sawing it got then was at the root of our subsequent adventure.

As soon as we came into a comparatively wide place we shifted about and Fritz took the lead again, and after that we were on the rocks (literally) for a long while. We concluded afterwards that it must have been about an hour and a half. At the time I could not have said whether it was half an hour or half a day. I was too completely taken up with scrambling about and watching my own feet and hands and the feet of the man in front of me. I could not recognise any point we had passed in the ascent, and I had not the slightest idea where Fritz was taking us.

We were climbing over a steep little wall of rock when the catastrophe came. I remember that, because when the rope broke the end fell on my face. The man in front was already over the wall, and as we had been instructed to keep the rope loose he did not notice that anything had happened. I was so horror-stricken that it did not even occur to me to scream. I just stood helplessly and looked at the rock until T—he—came up behind me and said anxiously:

"What's the matter?"

He must have wondered to see me hesitating so long.

"I've advanced," said I, showing him the broken rope. "I'm going to climb without a guide to-day," and then I began to laugh to show that I was not frightened.

"Good heavens!" he said. "Why didn't you shout? They'll be gone out of hearing! Both together—now!"

I shouted with him, though I was furious at having the blame thrown on me. I had felt quite friendly after we turned that corner, but I changed my mind again. How-



Noel Harrold -

"Then I felt a hand seize my ankle and draw the foot down until the toe touched something."

Drawn by
Noel Harrold.

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ever, I shouted my best. But fate was against us. Fritz's long-expected avalanche arrived, not quite on schedule time, but soon enough to put a most unwelcome spoke in our wheel. We watched with a sort of fascination the great fan-shaped mass growing bigger and bigger all the way down a magnificent snow slope until it crashed into a crevasse at the foot. When the cloud of powdery snow was subsiding and the rocks had ceased to reverberate, he said:

"Try again."

We did try again, many times, but I fancy we both knew it was about as much use as crying for the moon.

"We'll follow them up," he said then. "They're sure to miss us soon and come back to hunt."

"All right," said I, putting my toe up into the first crevice in the rock.

Good gracious! What a situation! Lost somewhere on the iron sides of the Rockies with a man whom I hated and who hated me! Did ever girl find herself in such a fix!

"Hold on!" he cried sharply as he saw me ready to begin. "That's my place."

"What do you mean?" I asked haughtily.

"Now that Fritz is not here, I'll go in front, of course."

"I don't see the inevitableness," I said, reaching out my hand for the next hold.

"I do," he said coolly.

"It takes two to make a bargain."

"I'm the man, and I've got to get us out of this scrape."

"I suppose you think I got you in?"

"You might have called sooner."

"Commend me to the noble male!" I cried angrily. "I'll get out of this scrape without your help. I can climb as well as you."

I was up on the next niche by this time.

"The front's my place," he said doggedly.

"You won't get it."

"That's where you're mistaken."

The great, strong, brutal creature reached up, lifted me bodily from my feet, and set me down beside him. I would not stoop to struggle, but I believe I sobbed once with rage.

"How dare you touch me?" I cried at white heat.

He answered not a word, but got in front of me and began to climb.

"I hate you!" I said.

Still not a syllable, and now the rope between us was stretched taut and I had to climb too. I began to feel rather sorry I had said I hated him. It sounded weak. But I did, all the same. I would follow him close and show him that he could not tire me out. I would not utter a word, and once we got down I would never speak to him again.

Having wasted so much time over his stubbornness, of course when we crossed the wall we found everything as desolate as if the flood had just newly left the peaks bare. Once we heard a stone rattle down somewhere, but that was all. People do not talk much when they are climbing. There was nothing to tell us which way they had taken.

Mr. Ashburn did not tempt me to break my vow of silence. He chose a direction and stalked away without a word. I followed at the full limit of my twelve feet of rope. It was easy going at first and we made good time, but we never got any trace of the others. Presently we could see that we were approaching another of those corners. Would we find a downward path on the other side?

No, we would not. When we reached it, we found a sheer precipice with not even the tiniest ledge for our passage.

"Magnificent scenery!" murmured I, forgetting my resolution. "Of course, as a path—"

"The disappointment will be good for you," he said composedly.

"And the exercise," I retorted pointedly, as he turned back and cast about for a more feasible venture.

I fancied I caught a smothered chuckle, and I was annoyed with myself.

The next attempt brought us out on a stretch of shingly shale, the kind that goes spouting to the bottom if you breathe on it. We crossed. There was no use thinking of the risk. And the Providence that watches over fools brought us safely to rock again. A few steps more took us to a deep rift too wide to be jumped.

"You have bad luck," I said sweetly.

This time he was irritated, which was pleasing.

"I suppose you know a way out of the confounded labyrinth?" he asked shortly.

"Gentlemen don't use strong language in public. Yes, I know one."

"What, then?" more shortly than ever.

A CLIMB WITH A CONCLUSION

"Go and stamp on the shale. We'd be at the bottom in no time."

He gave an impatient snort and began exploring the sides of the rift. I fell in behind, giggling softly.

I won't tire you by relating all our experiences that day, all the blind alleys we penetrated. One and all, they led to some insurmountable obstacle and had to be abandoned. I ceased to gibe at Tom. By and by I almost forgot that I hated him. His shoulders had begun to droop and he looked miserable. I knew as well as he did that our case was desperate.

No doubt Fritz had discovered long ago that we were missing, and was making heroic efforts to find us. But where was he? And where were we? Our confused windings and turnings and wanderings had brought us to such a pass that we had not the least idea whether on the whole we had gone up or down. The chance of rescue by Fritz was not worth considering.

At last we came to our fifty-fifth promising opening, and followed it up until it brought us to the forty-seventh wall of rock. When he saw what was coming, Tom suddenly dropped down on a boulder and put his hands over his face. He looked beaten.

I crept a little nearer and said: "Don't!" in a fatuous sort of way. I couldn't think of anything else to do.

"It's you," he said in a husky voice. I never heard him speak like that before. "This is going to be the end for you; and it was all my cursed pride brought you here. What will your aunt say to me?"

"Where?" I asked.

But he would not laugh, so I hurried on. "It wasn't your fault. I ought to have called the minute the rope broke."

Now whatever made me say that? I had thought I would go to the rack before admitting it.

"We ought to have stayed where we were,"

he said gloomily, "and waited for Fritz. I knew it all the time. It was the devil in me that wanted to master you."

And then, while I was still all hot and fiery at that idea, he suddenly lifted his head and stretched out his two arms to me.

"Oh, my darling!" he cried passionately, "if I could only set you down safe at the hotel I'd ask nothing better than to pay the price. The crows are welcome to my carcass—alone. Life has been death anyhow since—since—since that time."

You may call me a fool who didn't know her own mind—that worst of all insult to offer a woman. I don't care. I only know that the next minute I found myself inside Tom's arms with tears all over my face, and he was kissing me and I was saying idiotically:

"I want to die now! I want to die now!"

We didn't die. No, of course not. Inside half an hour Fritz put his head over the top of the big rock that had brought us up and grinned cheerfully.

When he found that we had settled down for our last end he grinned more widely, pointed out some invisible crevices in the rock which would serve us to climb by, and got us up it. Then we went down an easy path on the other side, and, behold, we were on the snowfields at the base of the mountain. After all, we had struggled almost to safety by ourselves. We had wandered very near the route of the others, too, or our adventure might not have ended so pleasantly.

We were staggering through the heavy snow, pretending we were not tired, when I came to myself all at once and said sharply to Tom:

"What about Daisy Challoner?"

He stared at me. Then he began to laugh.

"Was that at the bottom of the row? You don't mean to tell me you had her in your mind! She's engaged to Jack Martineau!"





THE HAPPY HARVEST FIELDS

By FRANK BONNETT

ONCE more the fields are "white unto harvest"; once more the merry clatter of the reaping-machine is heard in the land. Yet not everywhere; for although the sickle has had its day in most parts of Great Britain, here and there in out-of-the-way corners, and especially in hilly districts, do men still bend their backs to its swishing blade. And the day will never come, one fancies, when the sickle, reep-hook, or "swop"—call it which you will, for it has many names—will be cast aside for good and all.

For picturesque reasons this is a comforting reflection, for to the onlooker one of the most pleasing forms of husbandry that was

ever devised is that of harvesting with the sickle. In these days it is mainly a man's occupation, but time was when women (who are not now so fond of farm labour as of yore) wielded the sickle too. That they have passed out of the picture is a fact to be regretted, but perhaps they ought never to have been in it. A long day's reaping is hard enough work even for a man.

The British farmer of this generation—conservative as he often is in his methods—only continues the use of the sickle here and there as a matter of necessity. For the most part both scythe and sickle, which for so long were the only implements used in the cutting of the corn, have been laid aside in



The Midday Halt.

Photo: J. G. G.

THE HAPPY HARVEST FIELDS



Stacking.

Photo: J. Gaic.

favour of the more speedy machine-reaper, and the reaper in its turn has had to give way to the "self-binder." The time may come when our farmers will adopt still more closely the labour-saving devices of the Canadian and the American, and cut and thrash their corn all in one operation. But that is not very likely, for under an English sun the corn in the ear is seldom ripe enough to harvest and thrash simultaneously, and the expense of such machinery would be almost too great for any but those comparatively few British farmers who conduct their business on an extensive scale.

Away on the hill-side yonder, where yesterday the harvesters made a beginning on a three-acre patch of winter wheat, you may learn as good an object-lesson in the use of the old-fashioned sickle as could be found in all the country-side. The Hanger Field,

as it is called, because it immediately adjoins the strip of hanging woodland that clothes the crest of the hill on either side, is always one of the earliest hereabouts when it is cropped with corn. If it were not very light in the nature of its soil, it would be impossible to cultivate this field at all; and, as it is, it takes four stalwart horses to drag the share up its steep shelving sides, even at the second ploughing. The first breaking of the soil has to be done across the slope of the hill, and the horses, as they cling to it, look as if at any moment they might slide away to the bottom, plough and all.

To harvest such a field as this with the machine would be impossible, and so every year when it bears a crop of corn the sickle or the scythe must perforce be used. This year, since it is in wheat—and wheat is usually too long to "cut clean," as Farmer



The Ancient Scythe still at Work.

Photo: J. Gaic.

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Haffenden says, with the scythe—it is the sickle's turn, and a beginning has been made, as usual, in the right-hand bottom corner near the gate. It must be terribly back-breaking work for the reapers, but the three of them have cut this field times out of number, and after the first day or so, they will tell you, "one gets usened to it."

Though, naturally, progress with the sickle is slow, it is surprising how that little strip of stubble grows larger and larger as the toilers, who, in the distance, look like flies creeping up a sloping roof, get nearer and nearer to the top of the hill. Before they have half finished their task the binders will be upon their heels, and the sheaves, when bound, will be flung down the hill, at the bottom of which they will be set up in three or four long lines instead of in the usual shocks of ten or twelve sheaves all over the field. The reason for this, of course, is that only at the bottom of this sloping field can a wagon be drawn along to collect the harvest.

It might well be wondered whether harvesting under such laborious conditions as these were worth while, but in the case of this particular field it is good enough. Because it lies so nicely to the sun, and because of its light, warm soil, the Hanger Field always ripens its crop in an ordinary season in time to catch the last of the July markets, when supplies of new corn are small and prices consequently high—as prices go. For this reason the corn from these three acres is never stacked. It is drawn straight out to the rickyard by the roadside and thrashed there and then, in order that no time may be wasted.

The use of the sickle on Farmer Haffenden's holding is not always confined, however, to the Hanger Field. Through the centre of his farm, down in the valley, there runs a strip of rich stiff loam, which in some seasons grows as fine a crop of wheat as you could wish to see. And sometimes, when the crop is ripening, there comes a storm of wind and rain sweeping through the valley and laying low the five-foot straw that is too top-heavy to stand against it.

Here and there, in patches, the corn is torn and bent and twisted in such a manner that no machine would ever go through it cleanly, and so when the field is harvested these patches of beaten-down corn are left

for the sickle. The best that the machine could do would be to drag off the ears, leaving half the straw untouched beneath the knives, but the sickle can gather every bit. And straw, it must be remembered, is worth much more in these days than it used to be when so much corn was grown. When oats or barley are laid like this the scythe can cut what the machine must leave untouched; but for wheat, because of its greater weight, the sickle must be used if waste is to be avoided.

Farmer Haffenden, though in most respects he is what you might call an up-to-date husbandman, still employs the old-fashioned rake-pattern machine for his general harvesting in preference to the more generally approved self-binder. He bought one of the latter some few years ago, but at the end of his first harvest he was glad to sell it for a quarter of what it cost. The "newfangled thing," as he calls it, was always in trouble, and neither he nor his men could "make it go." "I lost the main of t' fine weather along of it," he will tell you, "and spiled half me earn; t' old 'uns is good eno' for me."

And we who look out over his cornfields when the three "old 'uns," with their red-painted rakes whirling in the air, are going round and round the field one behind the other, are glad, for selfish and picturesque reasons, that Farmer Haffenden never adopted "that there newfangled thing." Though, when you understand it and it can do its work without getting "hung up" a couple of times in each circumference, the self-binder may be a labour-saving appliance, its appearance is not half so pleasing as that of the rake-machine. The latter can do the cutting as well as any self-binder, but after that there is the tying of the sheaves.

In Farmer Haffenden's case, however, the labour question is not a serious matter, and that makes all the difference. Not for nothing has he brought up three stalwart sons and as many buxom daughters, each one of whom takes his or her share in the work of the farm all the year round. A family like that is particularly useful at harvest-time. The day may come, of course, when some of them will want to marry, and then perhaps Farmer Haffenden will be obliged to invest in another—and, let us hope, a more reliable—self-binder!

PRAIRIE FIRES

Serial Story

By ANNIE S. SWAN

CHAPTER XXII

"FRIENDSHIP IS A SHELTERING TREE"

CARRIE INGRAM, stirring the porridge over the stove, had a pucker in her brows. The house was very quiet, the children still asleep, the guest, from whom she thought she had permanently parted, in her room, and the menfolk out of doors. Carrie was actively unhappy; in fact, she had slept little all night.

It was just seven o'clock. Alec was already out and about the stables, and Carrie had heard Merrick leave the house. But she had not had the heart to go after him and give him a cheery good-morning. She had come to the end of her tether where the Merricks were concerned, and she was now feeling very sick at heart.

Presently, with the porridge-stick in her hand, she popped out to the back door to see whether Alec was in sight so that she might know whether she should put his porridge out to cool. Porridge was still the stand-by for breakfast in that eminently Scottish household, and the children were being sturdily reared on it.

She saw Alec standing rather dejectedly at the stable door, and, beckoning to him, she ran in to dish the porridge. By the time it was steaming on the plates he was at the door.

"I suppose I needn't pour any for Bob? Where is he?"

"Away to Brackens," answered Alec, and, coming in, he dropped down on the end of the lounge and regarded his wife ruefully.

"It's a mess, and nae mistake, Carrie. Did ye see Bob as he gaed doon?"

"No, I heard him, but I kept mysel' busy with the porridge-pot, and he went out by the veranda door."

"He looks as if he would like to murder somebody, and I don't wonder at it. What on earth's to be done, woman?"

"I don't know. But we can't discuss it in all its bearings till Bob comes back from Brackens. But surely, surely they'll never put them out! It would be not only cruel,

but positively unjust. Everybody kens who has made Brackens."

"Yes, but possession is nine points of the law, Carrie, and German women are grand stayers. Something tells me she'll keep Brackens."

Carrie thoughtfully wiped the corners of her mouth with her apron.

"But, Alec, what will become of Hilary? She was greetin' like to break her heart after we gaed up the stair last night. It's perfectly unbearable that it should have happened like this just when everything was settled so fine."

"Everything but Horace Gregory."

"Well, it mattered little to anybody what became o' him," answered Carrie rather ruthlessly. "Everybody kens what he is and how he has wasted his chances. I would like to see this old man Gregory. If he has an ounce of common justice in him he'll not take Horace's part entirely."

"I'll hae my porridge," said Alec, and, drawing in his chair, he began to eat it in silence.

"I'm not for porridge this morning," said Carrie as she went for the teapot. "This sort of thing puts a body past solid meat. Oh, that puir lassie—and her bonnie bedroom, and a' her finery! I could stamp my foot! I'm doing it, Alec Ingram, and I'm not caring though the Almighty hear me."

"He's hearin' and seein', nae doot, but I wish He would step in," said Alec a little heavily. "I'm not sure about Bob this mornin'. He's in that state that he'll not be able to bear very much more, and if his wife doesn't back him up—why, then, naebody kens what will happen."

Carrie poured herself out a cup of tea, drank it down hot and strong, and felt a trifle better.

"Alec," she said as she leaned her plump elbows on the table and looked at him with her straight, keen glance, "supposing for a minute that everything should be busted at Brackens, that Bob and Hilary have to turn out, what will they do?"

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"I've been thinking of that. They must get another place, and if need be, our bit nest-egg must go to help them."

Carrie nodded.

"It means that there would be nae trip hame for a year or two," continued Ingram, "nor even a rin to Vancouver or Winnipeg. It means that I must do without the new binder, and that the barn must hold another year. It's right that I should mention these things to ye, Carrie, for the money's yours as much as mine. You've helped to make it."

Carrie nodded once more.

"I'm as sure as I'm sitting here that Bob will come back in the dumps, and that the worst will have happened. But before I offer him any help are you agreeable, lass?"

"Why, Alec, of course. What do *you* think?" she asked, and something trembled on her eyelash—a bright drop that she was extremely anxious to wipe surreptitiously away.

But Alec saw it, and, though it was the clear light of the morning and demonstrations of affection were infrequent in that reserved household, he rose and kissed her on the spot.

"There's few in the West like you, Carrie, and I ocht to give the money as a sheer thank-offering for ye. Take it like that, my woman, and you'll no look back about the trip or the new barn."

"Have a cup of tea and let us think what place they could get," she said a trifle unsteadily.

And for the next ten minutes or so their tongues wagged busily, following the dictates of the kind hearts planning to help their unfortunate friends.

Both felt that the situation had improved when they rose, and Alec went out of doors again to watch for Merrick. But a good hour passed before he saw the lonely figure coming with slow and apparently heavy steps across the clear spaces of the stubble. Ingram set out immediately to meet him, and they came together on a little space of meadowland between the two places.

Ingram did not need to ask a single question. He gathered from the expression of Merrick's face that the interview with those in possession of Brackens had had the worst issue. He had no smile, even for his friend, and they stopped dead in the middle of the track and looked at each other for a second or two in stony silence.

Ingram was the first to break it. He thrust his arm through Merrick's and merely remarked with more or less cheerfulness, "Canada's a big place, Bob. Come and have breakfast."

"I've had all I want," answered Bob. "I feel as if I would never need another meal in the world!"

"Hoots! The hangman's rope is not round your neck yet," Ingram retorted playfully. "If you've had something to eat shall we just sit down here by the edge of the ravine and have a pipe?"

Merrick had no objection. Anything which would prolong the interval before he need face Hilary with empty hands and doleful look was welcome at the moment. They squatted on the crisp, dry edge of the ravine, and the sun, not too hot, beat upon them gloriously. Merrick tilted his hat well over his eyes and busied himself for an unconscionable time over the filling of his highly coloured meerschaum pipe. He had often laughed at his success with the pipe, which had been a gift to him from the lads of the village club at Clampsey, whom he had drilled on winter nights into a semblance of soldierly bearing.

"Well, now, and what's up yonder, my man?" asked Ingram, jerking his thumb backwards in the direction of Brackens.

"Oh, they're sitting tight, and I'm chucked—that's the first and the last of it, Alec."

"But how can they do it?" asked Ingram perplexedly. "Had ye nae agreement with your uncle, and in black and white?"

"None. The whole thing was on the most casual basis."

"A mistake," said Ingram curtly. "With relations everything should be in black and white, for they are waur to deal wi' than the frem—than strange folk, I mean. When I came to Canada I borrowed two hundred pounds from my father, and he had the I O U in his desk till I payed every penny of it off, forby five per cent. interest accumulated. He had two hundred and fifty back at the end of the fifth year."

Merrick listened interestedly.

"Well, you see, the situation was a little odd. They wanted to get rid of Horace in a hurry. In fact, they wanted to bury him respectably, and I was the only sexton handy. My uncle bought the place through a land agent at Charing Cross in London, and gave me leave to draw on him for a certain amount. I was to run the place,

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and look after Horace, and keep him short of money. His father d'd not believe, mind you, that there was much hope of Horace's reformation, but it made him easier in his mind to think of him on a Canadian farm with me at his back—sort of decent burial, don't you know?"

Ingram nodded slowly.

"I understand perfectly, and with a certain kind of man the arrangement might have answered. Your uncle was not that kind, evidently, and Horace has chipped in in front of you. What line did he take?"

Merrick took a long draw at his pipe, and then suddenly threw back his head and laughed loud and long.

"It's truly Gilbertian, Alec, and though I'm at the present moment nothing but a wretched pauper, I can't for the life of me help laughing. Horace's line is the misunderstood, the unjustly blamed, and everything has favoured him. My uncle"—and here his brow darkened—"thinks I've been systematically sending home accounts of Horace's misdeeds for the purpose of feathering my own nest."

Ingram set his mouth in a long, hard line, such as those who knew him well would not have liked to see.

"But somebody will have to tell him the facts. I don't quite get the hang of it yet. Whether was this Horace's doing or the little German's?"

"She may have put him up to it. Anyway, she's got him on the bearing rein."



"Had ye nae agreement with your uncle?"

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

"A good thing for him," snapped Ingram shortly. "I hope she'll haul it tight!"

"They arrived in Brailsford on the very day that Uncle Gregory's wire from Winnipeg came in. They had just time to make tracks for Brackens and get everything ship-shape. You know how the house looked that day before our wedding when your wife and Hilary were done with it? Enter Uncle Gregory to find comfort and luxury supreme, his erring son clothed and in his right mind, and a thrifty German hausfrau ready to fall down and worship them both! Finale—complete rout of yours truly. Good, isn't it?"

"I'm mighty glad you can laugh, lad," answered Ingram, "but it canna be left at that after all your hard work on the place. What did you say to your uncle?"

"I lost my temper," confessed Merrick.

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"and said a lot of things that relieved me at the moment, but that finished me with Uncle Gregory. Now he is quite convinced that, in addition to cheating and robbing Horace, I've ill-treated him as well. So I left."

Ingram had nothing to say for a full minute. The picture was as clear to him as noonday, and Merrick had behaved exactly as he expected, and as nine men out of ten with any respect for themselves would have done. But, looked at from the point of self-interest, his rash outburst had been, nevertheless, disastrous.

"If I were on my own, Alec, I wouldn't care a hang. I would swing my knapsack on my shoulder and be off to Rupert or somewhere else, where a chap has his chance of making his pile. But now—with a wife—"

"Look here, Bob," said Ingram, after being silent for a while, and waiting until fully assured that Merrick had regained his equilibrium and was able to talk with his usual sane shrewdness of his affairs.

"Yes, Alec."

"The only course is to get another place immediately, to take the wind out of their sails, and make a home for your wife."

"That's what ought to be done, I know, but the question is how? I'm not going on my knees to my Uncle Gregory. Heavens, how I loathed him this morning! I was ashamed of belonging to him—and that's the truth! Work! I'll work till I drop, but I won't beg."

"There isn't any need to beg out here, and that you know as well as I. Well, Carrie and me's been speaking. What would you say to Palgrave's place? You know it—close to Truscott's. In fact, you'd be neighbours with Lady Flo."

Merrick stared at him in a kind of slow amazement.

"Is Palgrave quitting?" he asked.

"Yes. I heard yesterday that his sale is fixed for three weeks the morn."

"And where is he going?"

"Back to England—his wife's set on it. Lady Flo says she should be hanged."

"Half a section, isn't it? Are they willing to let?"

"They'll be glad to. We'll just go in and get hitched up, you and me, and be off to Palgrave's place."

Merrick half started up; then he sat down again disconsolately.

"But, Alec, what's the good? I tell you

I haven't really a wretched cent to my name. Uncle Gregory can swoop the lot, and he will, after what I said to him this morning. I'm afraid I used some pretty strong language to him. I couldn't go into Palgrave's under five hundred pounds, and that would be a tight enough fit."

"It could be made to do, with the loan of a few things for the first season," said Ingram with the air of conviction native to the man who knows. "We've got it, Carrie and me, and you're welcome to it—you know you are. Come on and get hitched up in case any of these bloomin' Yanks get in in front of us."

Merrick rose to his feet, and his face flushed again, and his eyes grew dark with something that was not anger, but was a pain more exquisite.

"Alec, you would do this for me—you and Carrie?"

"Yes, we would, and we're not needing any jaw about it," said Ingram nervously. "Come on! What's mine's yours, Bob. We're pals, aren't we?"

Merrick did not speak for a moment, and when at last he held out his hand and Ingram gripped it, there were big tears in his eyes, and his mouth was working strenuously.

"My word! what a thing it is to have a friend like you, Alec! I'll take it—yes, I will. You know what I mean when I say that. And if I don't have every penny of it cleared inside of three years I'm a dead man!"

"That's all right. Let's get back to the house and see the womenfolk," said Ingram with a big sigh of relief.

Scotch to the backbone, he had feared the emotional moment that was bound to come. Once or twice Merrick had disconcerted him by an exhibition of deep feeling, which, however, had only served to knit them more closely together.

"Have you seen Hilary this morning?" asked Merrick as they began to move towards Glenairne.

"No. Was she awake when you left her?"

"No. But I think she slept very little last night, and only dropped off towards the morning. I was thankful to leave her asleep. Now I can meet her with my head up, and it's you, Alec, who has lifted me from despair."

"Stop it," said Ingram under his breath.

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"I'll take five per cent. on my money—not a penny less."

"Ten, if I can give it to you," retorted Merrick, and he smiled for the first time in many hours. "Shall we tell them everything?"

"As to that, we'll jist see. Everything depends," said Ingram cautiously.

"What I'll enjoy will be getting ahead of Uncle Gregory and washing my hands of him," said Merrick joyously.

"You may wash your hands of him if you like. Some folk are not done with Mr. Gregory yet," said Ingram shortly.

"You mean, you'll go to see him?" asked Merrick.

"I might, and again I might not, but we'll get even wi' him, Bob, never fear."

After a minute he added rather slowly, while his deep eyes seemed to range the far horizon: "There's a good heap of injustice in the world, but in the end it gets evened up. I've seen it, Bob, again and again. They are not ashamed that put their faith in the Lord God."

These words showed the stress of feeling under which Ingram was labouring. Ordinarily, to talk of the religion which was the guiding principle of his life was as hateful to him as to live it was easy and right. He was a man of action—seldom of words. He had spoken more to Merrick in their intimate hours than he had ever done to any other living soul, his own wife not excepted.

"You make me ashamed, Alec," said Merrick simply.

And, somehow, his mother's face rose up before him in all its sweetness and appeal as it looked at the last when she had bidden him God-speed, and assured him that she knew that he would keep in the straight path for her sake.

"And if I hadn't had a friend like you in this country," he resumed after a moment or two, "I might very easily have sunk far lower than Horace. I'll——"

"Stop it," repeated Ingram with the same tranquil force. "There's the womenfolk looking out for us. See if ye can muster up a bit smile for them."

They were standing together, Hilary waving her hands. Presently she flew down the steps and hurried towards them.

Ingram looked round for some means of quick escape, and he availed himself of a handy stack before Hilary reached her husband's side.

Merrick went on alone rather slowly, and his face was a study in all the emotions possible to a man, a curious shrinking predominating. She was so dear and precious to him. His new-made bride! And he was able to give her nothing—her who had given him all!

He could not believe the evidence of his eyes when he saw the radiance of her face. Quite heedless of the fact that Carrie and the hired man and his wife could see them from the house, she simply rushed into his arms.

"Oh, Bob," she cried, "what ages and ages you have been! I was just saying to Carrie that I would run across to Brackens. Well, what has happened? Is Anna still in possession?"

"Yes, she is, and likely to remain. Look here, Hilary——"

He pushed her away a little so that he could look into her face. But its radiance never dimmed.

"I've married you, and I haven't a red cent in the world to offer you. I'm stripped and bare. I've had a row with Uncle Gregory, and I've been simply chucked. Can you forgive me, and can you believe that—that I can work for you yet?"

"A row with Uncle Gregory! Oh, I am glad. I should like to have heard it. And you're free, Robin—free from them all, including Horace and Anna Graustek! Oh, I'm glad, I'm glad!"

"But, darling, you don't understand—we're beggars. I haven't anything in the world."

"Oh, what does it matter? We can begin again. We'll go out together on our high adventure, and what we win will be our own, don't you see?"

She clasped her hands, and her eyes, full of love and trust, swept his changing face like the glory of the dawn.

Merrick was stunned, as is a man upon whom a great light shines from an unexpected quarter.

"My darling, my own wife!"

"Oh, what did you think, Robin? Yes, yes. I know what I have been, but it's different now. You're mine and I am yours, and I won't disappoint you. We'll take the road of fortune together and win to the top."

He clasped her to his heart there, in the open, under the wide skies of heaven, and all his manhood rose, a glorious and a heavenly thing, to meet her ineffable trust.

THE QUIVER

It was as if the spirit of the new country had entered into and possessed them. They set out hand in hand to conquer fate.

CHAPTER XXIII

PLAIN TRUTHS FOR UNCLE GREGORY

UNCLE GREGORY was by no means easy in his mind.

After his anger had cooled his reflections concerning his nephew were of a distinctly conflicting character. His experience of life had given him a certain insight into human nature, and his natural shrewdness, when it was not choked by his colossal belief in himself, helped him to a pretty accurate judgment of men and things.

Before dinner-time arrived, reviewing the whole circumstances of the situation in his mind, he decided that, provided Bob would show a proper spirit of humility and appreciation, he should not be cast off. Certainly, his nephew had carried his head high enough during that memorable half-hour on the veranda. Never had guilty man looked less conscious or less convicted of sin.

Horace kept a good deal out of his father's way all the morning, Anna explaining that there were outside chores to do. There was still some clearing up after the harvest on the fields, and various items had to be seen to before the great event of the Canadian farmhouse—the arrival of the thrashing gang. Anna went about her household duties quietly, not deeming it at all necessary to pay any attention to her guest. He had a long and rather dull morning, chiefly spent in smoking innumerable cigars and in looking over the fields in the direction which Bob had taken, in the passion of his anger striding off as if he literally shook the dust of the place from his feet for ever.

In spite of his righteous indignation at the manner in which, as he imagined, Bob had tried to get the better of him, Uncle Gregory could not withhold from him a certain admiration for his courage. It was, in its way, as fine a thing as he had encountered in all his experience. He took it chiefly as bluff, however, and not as the high courage of complete innocence.

At half-past twelve a meal of sorts was spread upon the table, which Uncle Gregory did not know whether to designate lunch or dinner. It consisted of some slices of

leathery meat served with German potato salad, in itself uncommonly good, accompanied by plates of apple pie, and washed down by tea, unlimited tea, poured out of a tin pot that had stewed comfortably on the stove for about twenty minutes.

Hilary's silver was locked in one of her trunks yet, and she had the key at Glenairne.

Uncle Gregory smiled rather dryly as he looked across the board, and, pushing aside the meat, essayed the potato salad, at the same time conjuring up a vision of the old waiter at Simpson's in the Strand wheeling the luscious joint from table to table and ready with a toothsome morsel for each customer.

"England is the only country in the world where they understand comfort," he remarked. "No tea for me, thank you, my dear. I've more respect for my interior. Do you mean to say you wash down all your meals with this mush?"

"Yes, everybody in Canada drinks tea at every meal," answered Horace. "I'll take another cup, please, Anna, as strong as you like."

"You'll poison your inside," said Mr. Gregory severely. "Let me compliment you on your salad, my dear. It's uncommonly good. Now get me another couple of your brown eggs and a slice of bread and butter, likewise a glass of milk. Any whisky in the house, eh?"

"No," answered Horace with a small grimace. "There was half a bottle before you came, but Anna poured it out in the backyard."

Uncle Gregory looked just a trifle mystified, and the item of information, imparted as a joke, started a fresh train of thought in his mind. Why did Anna pour out the whisky unless because she feared it?

Uncle Gregory enjoyed the rest of his meal uncommonly well, and, incidentally, he had a good deal to say about the simpler life.

"A couple of months here would make a new man of me. I'd get rid of all my gout. I only wish I could stop, but I'm off tomorrow or the day after. I have to get my boat at New York next Wednesday, and I must look up a business connection in Syracuse, N.Y., first."

"You don't give us long," said Horace, but there was no evidence of any poignant regret in his voice.

"How could I? I came out at great per-

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sonal inconvenience, as I told Bob, and now I've found everything right, I'll go back as quickly as possible."

Horace said nothing until the meal was finished, and Anna, who never dreamed of sitting down for a little leisured talk while there were household chores to do, had gone off cheerfully to her washing up.

Then the two men on the veranda began to smoke.

"Where has Bob gone, Horace? What kind of people are they?" asked Mr. Gregory interestedly.

"Some Scotch people called Ingram. I can't stand 'em, but Bob's very thick with them. Hilary has been stopping there before her marriage, ever since she came out."

"But they will have to come back here, for a time at least. I don't quite see a way out, Horace, do you?"

"No, I don't. If another house was built things would be all right."

"How much would it cost?"

"A frame-house like this could be put up for about five hundred pounds."

"Well, I'd have no objection to spending that much, but he'll have to come back in a proper spirit and apologise for what he said this morning."

"What *did* he say?" asked Horace, and there was rather a shifty look in his eyes.

"A lot that won't bear repeating. He tried to bluff me, don't you know? But I'm too old a hand for that, and I shan't

forget in a hurry that he tried to black-guard you for his own ends."

"Perhaps you took more out of what he wrote than he had meant to put into it," said Horace rather lamely.

"No, I didn't. He said plainly and without varnish that you were incurable. Now I've come, and I find things quite different."

"I did rot a bit when I came out first," conceded Horace gallantly. "It was all so beastly strange and unpleasant at first. If there's any improvement it's Anna that you've got to thank."



" 'I've married you, and I haven't a red cent in the world ' "—p. 943.

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

THE QUIVER

"I must say I think you have chosen your wife wisely, Horace, though your taste in women has undergone a remarkable change," said Mr. Gregory with solemnity. "She'll fill the rôle of settler's wife better than Hilary Craven. Can you imagine her doing chores, as you call them here?"

"No, I can't, and she won't do them, either. That would be the rub if Anna and she were both in the house together. Anna would be the drudge."

"It can't be done, Horace. To put two women in such a relation to each other would be fair to neither. No. If Bob comes over to-night in a proper spirit to talk about things, I won't stand out about building the house. I suppose he has managed the actual farming pretty well?"

"Oh, good lord, yes! He's done it all," answered Horace hotly. "He's the boss of Brackens—has been from the start. A fellow hadn't a chance, but he's done it well."

"Nothing can be done till I've seen him again. Is he likely to come this afternoon, do you think?"

"As to that, I can't say. Bob's a queer beggar in parts, and you never know quite where you have him," said Horace truthfully enough. "But I don't see how he can help himself. He hasn't anything but what is represented by the place, and he can't quarter himself and his wife indefinitely on the Ingrams. They are Scotch, as I have said, and I've wondered they have been so generous to them all along. But Bob has the knack of getting the best out of people. I get most of the kicks."

Horace spoke as he believed, and also with the view of strengthening his position with his father. He wished that the dilemma could be cleared up, for, though he saw perfectly well that one roof could not possibly cover them all, he was not yet ready to take the whole responsibility of the farm on his own shoulders. He was well aware, indeed, that he did not know enough to undertake that.

After a while Horace went off about his own business again, being laudably anxious to fill the gap that Bob's absence had made, and to assure his father regarding his industry.

Mr. Gregory sat very comfortably in his lounge-chair, and presently he dozed off into a fairly sound after-dinner nap, which lasted well into the afternoon. When he awoke with a start, conscious of some pres-

sence near him, he saw a large, slackly built figure in a homespun tweed suit and a slouched hat drawn down over a big, strong, honest face, contemplating him from the bottom of the veranda steps.

"Hallo! Good-afternoon. Is it my son you are seeking?" he asked, rising somewhat heavily from his chair, and mopping his face with his red bandanna handkerchief.

"No, sir. If you're Mr. Gregory, it's you I'm seeking," said the stranger with unpromising bluntness.

"I am Mr. Gregory, of course."

"My name's Ingram. Can I have speech with you for a moment or so?"

"Of course. Ingram? Where have I heard your name before?"

"Probably from Horace," answered Ingram calmly. "I live at Glenairne. Mr. Merrick and his wife are at our place."

Mr. Gregory resumed his chair and motioned Ingram to another with an expression of lively interest on his face. But Ingram slightly shook his head and said he preferred to stand. Leaning up against the veranda pillar, he surveyed the massive figure of Mr. Gregory and his heavy-featured face with a look of quick and searching inquiry.

"Well, Mr. Ingram, what have you to say? Have you brought me a message from my nephew?" he asked blandly.

"No, I've nae message from Bob," answered Ingram tranquilly. "I'm on my own this afternoon, though I'll not deny that my business has to do with him."

"Well, please state it," said Mr. Gregory in his most judicial manner, anxious to impress this stranger with a sense of his own dignity, and also prepared to resent, if there should be occasion, any interference on his part with private affairs.

"Perhaps you may think that I have not the right to come here, Mr. Gregory; but there are certain circumstances in which even an outsider is entitled to his say. I am here because I am Mr. Merrick's friend, and because I know what he is."

"Yes, and what has that to do with me?" inquired Mr. Gregory, a trifle nettled.

"It has a good deal to do with you," answered Ingram quietly. "Yesterday Mr. Merrick was a man with a place and a home of his own, to which he was bringing his wife. To-day he has nothing, and is beholden to friends for a roof to shelter him and her."

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"His own fault entirely," said Gregory blandly. "As I informed him on this very spot this morning, I would have had no objections to sleeping on a sofa. But he elected to go off in his most hoity-toity manner. I think he forgot what the position was, and that I was hardly the person to be dictated to."

"I don't think he forgot much, Mr. Gregory, but I'm not needing to discuss what he said or did this morning. If it had been ten times worse than it was it would have been excusable in the circumstances. I am here just to state a few facts. It would be a pity that you should go back to England without hearing them."

"Well, what are they? Though, mind, I don't admit your right to interfere."

"I may just mention to you that Bob does not know I am here. To tell the truth, he's stopping at Brailsford for the night with his wife."

"I hope they are not on their way back to England?" said Mr. Gregory rather hurriedly, for it would not at all suit him that Merrick should get there before him with his own version of the story. Gregory had considerable respect for his wife's family, though he had often called the General opprobrious names to his sister and jeered at the Merrick pride and poverty.

Ingram slightly smiled.

"Oh, no; they're not for the old country yet. They are hardly ready. I suppose you have had a good look round the place, Mr. Gregory, and can see for yourself what splendid order it is in?"

"Yes, I've seen that. I have not found any fault with my nephew's management of the farm. If he told you I had it was not the truth."

"It is a pity you had not seen Brackens before Bob came," resumed Ingram in the big, slow, deliberate way of the man who has set himself a task, and who intends to go through with it in every particular. "Joe Brackens, the man who had it before him, let everything slide the last year or two he was there. He had made his pile, and, besides, he had taken a bit to the drink and grown careless. It was a perfect midden—it was neglected, I mean, and everything was going to rack and ruin. It was not a very encouraging sight for Bob Merrick when he came out."

"Or my son," put in Gregory in the same nettled voice. "Why do you exclude him? They were partners."

"They were supposed to be, but Horace—he was the sleeping partner," observed Ingram steadily. "He never did a hand's turn to my certain knowledge for at least three months after he came. He hated the place, and he spent most of his time in Scanlan's bar, railing at Canada. Bob could do nothing with him. I went over to see them as soon as they came, which is what neighbours do out here, and offered to help them as I could. I saw in a minute how the thing was, and I pinned my faith to Bob from the beginning. I saw in him a fine, honest chap, determined to succeed and to do right; and, forby, he had less cocksureness than any Englishman I had seen out here. They don't make the best of settlers, Mr. Gregory. But I dare say you have had that rubbed into you here and there already since you've come to Canada."

"No, I haven't. I'd like to meet the man who'd run down my country or my countrymen to me," remarked Mr. Gregory loftily. "He wouldn't do it a second time!"

"Well, I'm doing it. They don't make the best settlers because of the cocksureness I've mentioned. They talk too much about the way things are done in the old country, and that's what a new country won't stomach. It's making itself, and it wants peace to make itself, and not criticism. See?"

"I see. Please get on with your facts," said Mr. Gregory irritably.

"These are some of them; but to come back to Bob. He just began to lay in for all he was worth. The frost was just breaking up, and the place was in a fine mess. Rich folk like you see Canada at its best when you come out touring in the summer. You should stop a year to see what we've to contend with in the way of climate. For three weeks the track there was impassable for man or beast, but Bob was an ingenious chap frae the beginning, and he constructed something like stilts to get him across. Many a laugh we had over it. They hadn't much comfort for a while, and me and my wife did the best we could for them. It was my wife that taught Bob to cook. I learned him to plough, and he had a very good hired man, and we got in the seed between us in good time. But poor Bob had little luck the first year, as we had the rust, and every one of us lost heavily. You've to take the good wi' the bad seasons out here, but it is hard on a man to have his harvest fail the

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first year. But I suppose that Bob in his letters would tell ye all that."

Mr. Gregory admitted that he had done so, and he remembered with some uneasiness that he had been extremely sceptical regarding the story of misfortune.

"What he would not tell you, and what I'm here for the purpose of telling you, Mr. Gregory, was that Horace never did a hand's turn that whole summer. It was a perfect disgrace, and many a time I said to Bob that I would not give him a single meal of meat that he had not earned. He was getting money from somewhere, for they don't give credit at Scanlan's, where he spent most of his time."

"I've only your word for all this, Mr. Ingram, and it is not a very neighbourly act to come here to a man out from England and blackball his son to him."

The reproach made small impression on Ingram, whose face was set in its dourlest mould.

"Bring Horace in, Mr. Gregory, and put it to him yourself. I have no desire to push him down. In fact, we all did our best to lift him when he came first. But he fought shy of all the folk that it would have been good for him to consort wi'. What I am concerned with is to clear my friend Bob, for he has told me that you believe that he blackballed your son for his own ends and for the purpose of getting the place into his own hands. There never was a blacker lie than that foisted on any man! Bob's patience with his cousin has been divine. It would not have been possible to me or to any other man in this district. We have often spoken about it among ourselves and wondered over it. And, forby, he could not get attending to his own work for hunting after him. At the very busiest time of last year he had to go off to a lumber camp in Columbia after your son. And it's there he should have been left to get licked into shape."

"The facts of the case as I found them when I arrived in Canada don't altogether bear out your statements," said Mr. Gregory suggestively.

Ingram smiled his big, slow, comprehensive smile.

"That was the very best thing that could have happened to your son, Mr. Gregory, to marry that little German lass; she'll keep him up to the mark, and we shall all be well pleased to see it. I am nearly done. There is just one thing more to say, Mr. Gregory.

You made no agreement with your nephew, which was a mistake, because business affairs should be set down in black and white, especially among friends. Then we know where we are when the push comes. But I just want to tell you that Bob Merrick is a straight man, that everybody in the district respects him and would go out of their way to serve him, and that it would be a matter for deep regret if he had to leave Canada because he has been so scurvily treated here. We've too many of the other kind—it's what the country is fechtin' against—and there are too few like Bob."

Gregory made no reply, simply because he was naturally of slow wit and could not marshal all his forces in a moment.

"I've said my say," continued Ingram, "and if you want my character or corroboration of what I have said, you can go out and ask it from the first man that you meet. I'm a magistrate, and everybody kens me, but it is Bob that is the prime favourite here, Mr. Gregory, and it is Bob that we are going to do our utmost to keep for the country's sake."

Mr. Gregory then began to speak.

"I will not enter into the merits or demerits of all you have said, Mr. Ingram, and I appreciate your motive. I am glad to hear such a good account of my nephew, and all I have to say is that if you will kindly go back to your place and ask him to come and see me, we may yet come to some satisfactory arrangement. I intend, however, that my son and his wife shall remain here, where I found them. After all, the primary object of my purchasing the place was to provide for Horace."

"Precisely, and Bob was but the besom to sweep the floor wi', like! Well, he's a man of spirit, Mr. Gregory, and he is tired of being a besom."

"I don't pretend to understand you," said Mr. Gregory angrily, "and I think we had better end this interview. Tell my nephew that if he wishes to see me he must come over not later than to-morrow, for I am leaving the neighbourhood on Saturday."

"I'll not be seeing him before to-morrow night—perhaps not even then, for he is in Brailsford on important business connected with his own affairs," said Ingram tranquilly. "He's stopping with his wife at the Parsonage House, and you might chance to see him if you called there on your way down."

"What affairs?" inquired Mr. Gregory



" 'It has a good deal to do with you,'
answered Ingram quietly "—p. 946.

*Drawn by
Harold Copping.*

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rather contemptuously. "He can't have any affairs apart from Brackens, and you may tell him from me, if you like, that this high-handed conduct is very unbecoming in him, considering what he has at stake. Where does he propose to put this fine-lady wife of his if he does not come to me in a proper manner in order that we may thoroughly thrash things out?"

"Oh, as to that," said Ingram casually, "he has got another place. That is the business that is keeping him in Brailsford. He has the lawyer to see, and the bank, and other folk."

Mr. Gregory stared in speechless amazement.

"Another place! But the man hasn't a penny of his own!"

"He has not," answered Ingram, and once more his lips took the long, grim curve of deep displeasure. "He turned out his pockets last night and showed me the sum of eighteen dollars—all he had between him and want! All this has happened at the very worst time of the year, for the harvest is just off the fields, and no money will be coming in till it is thrashed. It couldn't possibly have happened worse for Bob."

"Then how is it going to be done, Mr. Ingram? It's preposterous even to think of it!"

"Fortunately, his credit is good, Mr. Gregory. Me and a few more that believe in him will back him in the new place. The bank is one of them, and I'll lend him to the tune of five hundred to start with."

"You would do all this for a man you've known for such a short time!" cried Mr. Gregory aghast.

It was not the kind of finance that he was accustomed to in Threadneedle Street, and the big, fine faith of it staggered him.

"Oh, yes. Because, you see, Bob Merrick is one of the men that Canada has been

waiting for. He is going to help lift her clean up. He'll get far ahead of me, because he belongs to what you call your governing classes in the old country, and he'll come into his own class here pretty soon. Only, he has first got to make his pile, and it's us common or garden sort that's going to help him. See? Now, I'll be wishing ye good-day."

But Mr. Gregory was not yet done with this strange, outspoken Scotsman.

"My nephew must come and see me, Mr. Ingram. Tell him from me that I will overlook what he said this morning."

"He won't come on these terms, Mr. Gregory, for, you see, his back's up—and very properly, too—and so's mine. That's why I'm here to-day. Just one thing more. My cart will be over this evening for their things, and we'll store them at my place until they move to their own. It's not the furniture they want to remove," he added with a small twinkle in his eye, "just Mrs. Merrick's trunks, most of which are still under lock and key. I dare say Mrs. Horace Gregory will know what belongs to her, and what doesn't. So once more I'll be bidding ye good-day."

"But after all that I've done for Bob Merrick it is his duty to come," fumed Mr. Gregory.

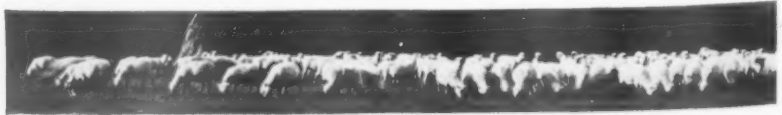
Ingram shook his head.

"He's done with that kind of duty, I'm afraid, Mr. Gregory. If you want to see him afore ye go, it's a dead cert you'll need to come to my place and apologise to him."

He said good-day once more, and, touching his battered hat, walked away. When he got to the bottom of the slope he stopped to take out his old faithful pipe.

"Eh michty!" he said to himself with a smile of huge enjoyment, "I've had a grand day."

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE]



THE CRUCIAL POINT

A Story of Tears, Blood and Anguish

By the Rev. R. F. HORTON, M.A., D.D.

Dr. Horton has just returned from a memorable tour through India, and his impressions of the life and the people are particularly fresh and real. In this article he calls back the memories of England's time of tears, blood and anguish—the Great Mutiny.

IT would be well if all our countrymen could visit Lucknow and Delhi, for not only do they contain the records of the courage and endurance of our predecessors who quelled the Mutiny of 1857, but they give a new meaning to the task which we have to perform in India.

The Mutiny seemed, for the moment, the end of the British Raj. A prophecy declared that as 1757, and the Battle of Plassey, established the British government, through the East India Company in North India, 1857 would see its destruction. Taken by surprise, the authorities—civil and military—were completely overborne by the mass of mutineers, and in June, July and August of 1857 it was the very general conviction in India that the British Raj was over, and the only power to conciliate was the conquering Indian Army. The prophecy, however, did not come true; the augurs misread the signs. The year 1857 saw the end of the rule of the East India Company, but the beginning of the rule of the direct British Government.

In that furnace of the Mutiny the task of our country in India was shaped; it came

out, formed, tempered and annealed. We hesitate in our day to use the language of religion in politics. We are more reverent, perhaps, and do not venture to recognise the hand of God in our national affairs. But if I may use the language of a former day, to express a truth, which is not felt now less deeply because it is differently expressed, God very plainly, in the year 1857, declared His will, that the Christian country, whose traders had unwittingly and unintentionally become the rulers of India, should deliberately undertake to unite the races and governments of the peninsula, to shape the

future for three hundred millions of men, and to confer upon them the sum total of the benefits which have been secured by the Christian religion and Western civilisation.

What is to be desired is that the Government of our country, which is in the last resort the whole body of citizens, should realise the position; and because Lucknow and Delhi bring it home, with tears and blood, and anguish and sacrifice, I could wish that all the citizens of the Empire might visit those fateful cities.

Lucknow is a



The Residency,
Lucknow.

By kind permission of
Sir F. Treves.

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Interior of the Residency,
Lucknow.

Photo:
Kapp & Co.

spacious city, with broad streets and vast buildings, which, if somewhat tawdry in detail, are magnificent in their general aspect.

The vast Kaiser-Bagh, and the Imambara and Husain-Bagh, give the spectator a better impression of the "gorgeous East" than any other scene in India. These mosques and palaces were occupied by the mutineers in their memorable siege of the Residency. In their courts and prisons our countrymen and countrywomen were incarcerated and shot.

But the Residency itself exercises such a spell over the visitor that it is hardly possible to think of anything else. It lies to-day just as it was after the relief of Lucknow, a mournful and pathetic ruin, or park of ruins. The marks of the cannon, the battered walls, the roofless houses, might lead you to think that the siege was just over, and the besieged had just passed out to a place of safety. But a closer look shows that kindly Nature and pious memories have been at work. A wealth of verdure clothes the ruins and holds the crumbling walls together. The beautiful purple bougainvillea flames over the dilapidated Treasury. Exquisite golden shrubs light up the vistas of decay. The

lawns and paths are in order. Monuments stand everywhere recording heroic names. A tablet marks the place in the wall where Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded, and in Dr. Fayrer's ruined house we are informed by another tablet that he died. The ruins are preserved in pious memory; not a stone or brick shall be repaired or removed. At the north-east corner of the enclosure is the turret where

"Ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England flew."

And there it hangs still, always renewed. For what happened there is a fact that lives. What was bought there by the dauntless courage of our men, and the anguish, the patience, the heroism, the Christian faith, of our women, is our heirloom, our commission. It is by this mournfully beautiful scene of deaths and graves that we are perpetually summoned, in God's name, to do our duty to India, and to justify the blood that was so freely spilled upon this spot.

There is the great central building of the Residency, in the base of which the women and the children were preserved during those appalling months of the siege, when the cannon-balls were daily piercing the roofs, and killing one after another of the garrison.

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There is a tablet in the veranda of that house which marks the spot where a young girl of nineteen was killed by a shell. There is also, at the entrance to the underground hall, a beautiful tablet to Julia Inglis, the Commander's wife, who untiringly ministered to those terrified and suffering women. Beautiful mark of womanly heroism living at the core of the heroism of the men!

Some of those women kept diaries, which we read to-day with tears. How the heart beats as we realise it all. "Three round shots came through the roof of drawing-room this morning. . . . May a Father in heaven have mercy on us! For His dear Son's sake make us ready. Mr. A., 7th Cavalry, shot dead, looking out from the Cawnpore battery; and Mr. H. had his leg broken from a round shot hitting a table, the leg of which broke his. . . ." A messenger arrives with a letter for Mr. Gubbins (whose battery is marked on the ground still) to say that a relieving force was approaching; he said "the general was a little man with white hair, supposed to be General Havelock. Mr. Gubbins read service after breakfast. An unusually quiet day. Mr. L. killed in the

Cawnpore battery this afternoon, leaving a widow and child."

"Good, kind Major Banks shot dead through his temples!" "Mrs. A. told me that my own W. (the writer's husband) was wounded. We are in God's hands." Mrs. Dorin was moving some things from one part of the building to another, "when, at the door leading from her room to the dining-room, a matchlock ball struck her on the face, and she immediately expired while I was looking for her and calling for the doctor!" So it went on, day after day, week after week. Two thousand of those in the Residency perished, before the final relief. Havelock died at Dilkusha, on November 24th, and was buried at Alam-Bagh.

The cemetery is exquisitely peaceful. Nature has reasserted her supremacy, and the trees wave restfully over those simple graves. But as you begin to read the inscriptions and to wander down those quiet paths, you are touched to the quick; for the dread story of that anguish is written there. The graves have received the young. There are young wives, many between twenty and twenty-two, and their infants, who suc-



The Barley Guard Gate,
Lucknow.

Photo :
Bourne & Shepherd.

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cumbed to the terror of that situation. There are young men, the officers, fresh from England, who laid down their lives in the sorties and the defence works. One grave contains a hundred dead, unnamed. And central, as it were, for the whole situation, there is the grave of Henry Lawrence, who was shot in the early days of July—Lawrence, whose worn, anxious, but inspired face is seen among the portraits of the small museum. That epitaph has struck the keynote of the British administration ever since. Probably no civilian or military servant of the Crown in India is removed from the spell of those simple words. We regret that a kind of British propriety put in the third person on the stone what were

The witness of Delhi is identical with Lucknow. The Fort and the Jama Masjid carry us back to the great period of the Mogul dynasty. The tomb of Humayun, and the relics of eight previous Delhis, on the plain south of the present city, give us a sense of India's greatest past, and make us conscious of the historic motive in making Delhi the new capital of the Indian Empire. But it is as the scene of the heroic episodes of the Mutiny that we are for the moment visiting it. Not the magnificent Fort, with its exquisite Diwan Khas—the most ravishing building in India—not the long line of kings who ruled, and built, and sinned, and perished there, but the Kashmir Gate, and the Ridge to the north of the city, with its pathetic monument, lead us to link it with Lucknow.

On that Ridge the British, 9,000 in number, were posted, to recapture Delhi from the mutineers in June, 1857. Exposed to the fierce heat of the Indian sun, they found themselves not only unable to take the city with its 40,000 troops, armed with the British artillery which British officers had taught them to use, but actually besieged and assailed in



The Garden of the Unforgotten, Delhi.

By kind permission of Sir F. Treves.

the hero's own direct words. Posterity must not forget to correct that mistake. It should read :

"Here lies

HENRY LAWRENCE.

'I tried to do my duty. May the Lord have mercy on my soul.'

Born 28th of June, 1806.

Died 4th of July, 1857."

This is the sacred spot, where the feverish agony was endured, now tranquil and inspiring, where we as a country should continually resort, to renew our vows for the government of India.

their exposed position by the thousands of mutineers. Battle after battle was fought. The women and the civilians, as well as the soldiers, lived in the attitude of constant defence. The monument on the Ridge records the daily battles, and the names of the British officers who fell. It was a strange oversight not to record also the Indian officers who remained faithful to the Government, and laid down their lives with the British, as if in unconscious prophecy of the day when Britain and India would become one homogeneous State. From May to September, in the intolerable

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heat, and battles, and losses, and deaths, those heroic men and women held their ground. Then John Nicholson came and breathed into them courage to assail the impregnable walls, and to face the 40,000 secure behind them.

The Kashmir Gate stands unrepai red; the walls are as they were after five months' pounding of the guns. The gates were blown

spot at Lucknow, it appeals with an extraordinary power—it seems the shrine at the centre of India's new capital. Over the gate a brilliant golden creeper grows. Just within the walls is the monument to Sir H. Barnard, the general who fell in the siege. Then there are the graves of England's lads and grown men who died or were killed. One grave is marked by three broken



Kashmir Gate,
Delhi.

*By kind permission
of Sir F. Treves.*

in by the sappers, who sacrificed their lives to fire the charge. And then Nicholson entered, and in the tortuous lanes of the city, approaching the centre of the besieged's defence, he was shot. His statue, by Brock, is in the garden, outside the Kashmir Gate, a heroic figure, an inspired face. His hand points to the spot within the walls where he fell. He seems to animate us to our task, the proper figure of what the British in India should be. They say that a sect of the Sikhs worships Nicholson as a god. He is more worthy of worship than any god in the Indian Pantheon of which I heard.

Beyond the Ridge, on the site where possibly the new Delhi will, or should, be, past the new bungalow of the Viceroy of India, is the Rajput Cemetery. Like the sacred

columns, on which are three names : Travers, Law, Lumsden. Monuments raised by relatives or comrades, with heartfelt inscriptions, record not only that these died for Britain's task in India, but what sort of men they were who died, men whom a grateful country must remember, and see that they did not die in vain.

"When'er a noble deed is wrought,
When'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

"The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

"Honour to those, whose words and deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low."





"Covey after covey moved forward,
bearing down upon the butts"—p. 959.

Drawn by
W. Reynolds.

ON THE MOOR

No. 3 in the Series "Woodland Stories"

By S. L. BENSUSAN

The sportsman who goes out to shoot grouse is most often quite unfamiliar with the life story of his victim. The romance and tragedy of the moor are shown in this little sketch.

FROM his earliest days the young grouse showed signs of possessing courage and a spirit of observation. He alone out of a clutch of ten ventured to peep from the double shelter of the nest and his mother's breast when his father fluttered to the top of the rock at sunrise and uttered his shrill challenge to the morning. "Beck-a-beck-beck-beck!" cried the red grouse, and it needed all the efforts of the mother bird to reassure nine out of ten of her little ones. Before the tenth was more than a few days old the sound of his father's voice served as a summons to leave his mother's side, much to her alarm, for she was a nervous grouse

who had known trouble. She had cleared away all the empty shells in order to make room for her large family, and kept a watchful eye turned first to the heather, then down the southern slope on which the nest was set, and then to the sky above her. She had been a mother before and knew that even in the early days of June there is plenty of trouble for grouse. Corbie-crows or even the golden eagle himself might pass over the moor; the terror of the stoat pack was known to her, and she had seen a hedgehog gripped in a trap within a few yards of her nest. She did not know that the old keeper who ranged the moor day by day had

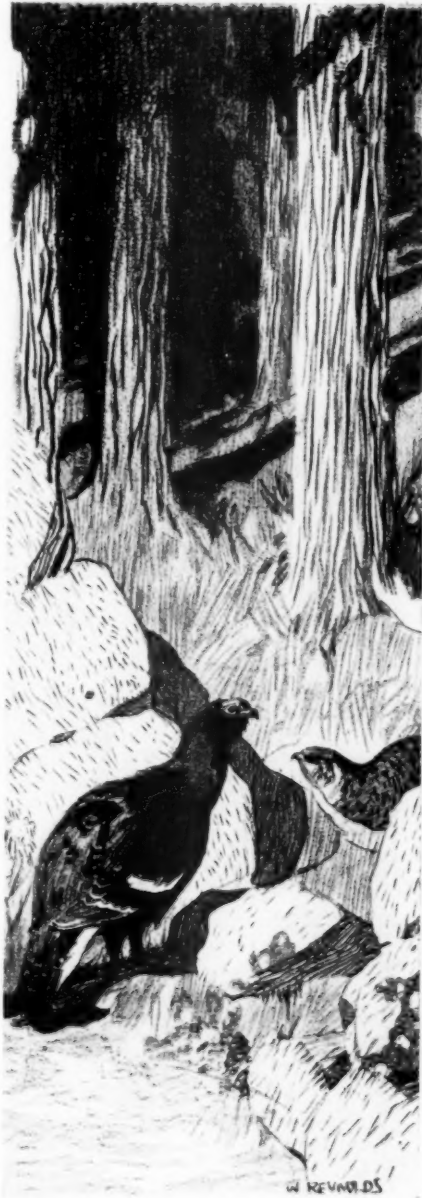
ON THE MOOR

caught every stoat and weasel in the immediate neighbourhood, and that the rare sound of gun fire that had brought back terror-stricken memories to her was no more than a death-knell of some potential enemy of her kind.

Very carefully in those early days she led her young family over the heather that shot up above and around them like a forest, guiding them to corners of the moor where a spring of water never failed, and where among the bog-myrtle and cotton-grass both food and drink were to be found. The young heather, bilberry and ling provided an ample supply of young green tops, so that the young brood thrived, and before June was out one and all could use their wings. Careful draining and careful shooting had kept the moor free from disease, and as the weather was mild and warm the old keeper pursued his labours with an air of satisfaction so foreign to his usual aspect that he would have been ashamed to exhibit it to anybody. Mother grouse now abandoned her nest and changed her dress, and slept in peace at nights with her family round her. If on their daily rambles anything occurred to disturb her, she would call her little ones to her side. Nine would come at once, but the young cock bird, who had never known fear, would pursue his way undisturbed. "You will come to a bad end," said the mother grouse in sorrow and anger, but the young bird did not know what a bad end was, and his father looked upon his courage with an approving eye.

The nest had been built of rough heather twigs and leaves close by the edge of the moor. Less than a hundred yards away there was a wood with spruce and pine and Scotch fir, dark and gloomy for the greater part of the year, but touched just now by the illuminating hand of summer. The young grouse found a certain fascination in the aspect of this wood. Very often, when his family was in its immediate neighbourhood, he would linger by its side, and one day as he did so he came upon a bird standing awkwardly by a gap in the stone-dyke. The stranger, though rather larger, bore a certain resemblance to himself and seemed disposed to be friendly.

"Who are you?" said the young grouse. "I'm a blackcock," replied the stranger, "and I've lost my way. Mother's somewhere in the wood with my brothers and



"'Who are you?' said the young grouse. 'I'm a blackcock,' replied the stranger, 'and I've lost my way.'"

Drawn by
W. Reynolds.

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sisters. We live there. I stayed in the tree we slept on this morning when the others went off, and now I can't see them."

Almost as soon as he had spoken, both birds heard a rustling sound in the undergrowth, and a big grey hen, followed by her four children, came in sight.

"There they are!" cried the young blackcock joyfully, and ran away as fast as his legs would carry him, while the grouse took to his wings and joined his family, too interested in his discovery to heed the scolding with which his mother greeted him. It was from his father that he learned that the blackcock was a cousin of the red-grouse family, that the mother reared the family in the wood, and took them to some outspreading branch to sleep at night, that their father did nothing for their support, but lived an idle, merry life with his own boon companion until, in July, his feathers failed him, and he was forced to seek shelter in the corn now rising on the cultivated lands below, and hide there until new plumage came to him. Thereafter the young grouse and his cousin met very often by the wood, for the blackcock had a roving disposition like his own, and was no less a trouble to the poor, nervous grey hen, his mother, who had to support her family single-handed.

The beauty of the Highland summer deepened as June turned to July. The nights brought little more than a few hours of twilight in their train; all the rich grasses on which the grouse relied were abundant; so that the first hatchings grew strong on the wing. The coveys had grown accustomed to the passing of the old keeper and the still older shepherd, who, wrapped in his plaid as though the weather had been quite cold, and followed by the bob-tailed sheep-dog upon whom he relied, moved silent and solitary across the moor in the direction of the higher hills where grass had replaced heather, and his flocks earned a precarious living by clinging to the hillside in fashion a man would have found it hard to imitate. On many moors birds suffered from lack of water; some coveys flew across to this one in search of better feeding in a part where there were springs that not even the dog-days could subdue, and happily there was room for all. Towards the end of July the fine weather passed and the moor was swept by cold wind, carrying torrential rains. But

the grouse were hardy now and indifferent to the worst weather that the Highlands could provide.

Mid-August brought the fine days back, and towards the end of the month there were signs of renewed activity in the loch that had stood deserted for nine months or more at the head of the loch below the hill. To the birds dwelling in fancied security among the heather, there was no significance in this change. The young grouse always led the covey with one of his parents; their flights now were long and easy. Repeated fusillades had been heard at a distance from moors where the shooting season had been inaugurated on the twelfth, but nearly a fortnight had passed since then, and no gun had been fired in the immediate neighbourhood of their home. The young blackcock was still to be met by the edge of the wood; he would stand on the top of the stone-dyke in the early morning, and fly straight up into the air, as though to exercise his growing strength, while his tail feathers were beginning to spread and curl and showed some white under the bronzed blue-black quills that roused the secret envy of the young grouse. Only two young grey hens remained with the mother now; the blackcock's brothers had disappeared, none knew where.

Less than a hundred yards from the edge of the moor, between the stone-dyke that guarded the wood on the one side and the cultivated land that crept to the edge of the heather on the other, there were some mounds of turf and heather-tops built in a row about eighty yards apart. All the grouse knew them well. Many a morning had seen some of the cock birds rampant on the top, issuing their daily challenge to the world at large. As far as the grouse knew, they served no other purpose, and it seemed quite unnecessary for the old keeper to spend the greater part of a late August day banking up turves that threatened to leave their place and putting fresh pine-board on the little seat that stood behind each butt. Now, on this fine morning, at the end of August, the grouse were rising in large, strong coveys, in front of an army of strangers who carried small white flags. Their intentions did not appear to be unfriendly, but no grouse in charge of a family would trouble to remain on a moor invaded by man when, just across the valley over

ON THE MOOR

the line of butts, there was another long stretch of heather in which to hide. So, as soon as the plover had sounded the alarm, covey after covey moved forward, bearing down upon the butts in long, swinging flight that bespoke security. The butts commanded a range over the whole breadth of the moor at this point—nearly half a mile in extent—and so it happened that four or five large coveys came within thirty yards of one or another of these butts at about the same moment, and then a strange thing happened. From behind those mounds of earth Death sprang out upon the bewildered coveys—sprang out to the accompaniment of a hideous roar that did not cease until the last company of terror-stricken birds had passed through the fire-zone, paying heavy tribute to skilled eyes and hands invisible. Of the covey to which the young grouse belonged, eight out of twelve remained. The parent birds had fallen to right and left shots in front of the butts; of the children, one had fallen dead on to the butt itself, and another lay motionless on the far side. The remainder crossed the valley and huddled in confusion upon the heather of the moor beyond. But towards evening the memory of the shock was a little dulled; perhaps their hunger helped them to forget, for they ate heartily, and some even crossed the valley and returned to their accustomed haunts.

It was well with those who did, for on the following morning the beaters reappeared on the second moor, moving in the direction of the first, and this time destruction met them from the other side of the butts, so that they fell in dozens before the cool, skilled sportsmen whose loaders worked so rapidly. The young grouse, struck in the wing and breast by three or four stray pellets, on the rim of the pattern, swerved to the right and landed on his feet in the wood.

"What's amiss?" said a voice above him, and, looking up, he saw his friend the black-cock sitting on the branch of a larch.

"What is all that noise about?"

But the grouse said nothing. Terror and pain had robbed him of speech.



"Fluttered to the top of the rock at sunrise and uttered his shrill challenge to the morning."—p. 956.

Drawn by
W. Reynolds.

THE QUIVER

"You've got yourself into trouble," said the blackcock complacently: "that comes of living in the open air. What are woods for? I heard the noise, but took good care not to leave my shelter."

The grouse said nothing, though he may have remembered that a splendid blackcock in full plumage had led the flight of the grouse across the valley and had dropped with the sound of the first gun-shot.

The wood was gloomy and silent and very cold—for once he missed the sunshine.

On the following morning the beaters came through the wood, tapping the trees as they passed. The grey hen and her two daughters flew right out over a line of guns and were greeted with cries of "Grey hen! Don't shoot!" Pigeons followed and dropped in all directions.

"Now is the time to show my cunning,"

said the young blackcock, and doubled over the beaters' heads.

"Cock gone back!" shouted someone in the wood, and at the sound of the cry an old and grizzled sportsman, who stood well out in the stubble field beyond the wood's far side, looked up anxiously.

The blackcock came forward at a great pace, the wind helping him. The long steel barrel moved too, not so much on him as on the line his flight was following. It challenged and he dropped like a heavy apple from a high branch when the autumn gale strews the orchard.

"I gave that fellow nearly a yard," said the sportsman to his gillie, "and it wasn't too much, though he's a youngster. They are very strong on the wing this year."

On their way through the wood one of the beaters picked up a young cock grouse that lay dead under a larch tree.



From our Motto Competition.

Drawn by Miss Tarrant.

THE BEST COACH IN OXFORD

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING

"YOU have been wasting your time as usual," said the tutor, in a tone that boded ill for the handsome young giant who stood before him, and as he spoke he flung down the papers that he held with a snort of disgust.

Hugh Laxton shrugged his shoulders.

"I am afraid that it is not so much a case of waste of time, as of lack of brains!" he said meekly.

A very charming smile lurked in his eyes, but it had no mollifying effect upon Mr. Willis.

"There is only one chance for you," he said. "You must give up thinking that life is a playground, and remember that you are a man with a man's responsibilities. Your father will never forgive you if you fail to get your degree; you ought to feel that you have a distinguished place to fill in life, and that it is your duty to fill it to the best of your ability."

He cleared his throat and settled his spectacles upon his nose. He had had to make the same remarks to so many undergraduates in the thirty years of his Oxford career, but he was a conscientious man, and he never withheld the remarks when they seemed to be necessary, namely as they might be.

Hugh Laxton listened to them respectfully, if silence means respect, but they did not make much impression upon him; Mr. Willis appeared to him as a funny little beetle, droning along on his dusty way through the world, without the slightest conception of the real meaning of life. Life, to Hugh, meant the leading of a forlorn hope on the football field, and he gave a furtive glance at the clock on the mantelpiece, for there was a match this afternoon, and time was creeping on.

"There is no hope of your getting honours," went on Mr. Willis, "and you must put your shoulder to the wheel if you want to get a pass. You must have a coach at once, as it is quite evident that the ordinary lectures are no use to you."

Droning little beetle as he might be, there was a scorn in his voice that sent a glow of crimson to Hugh's cheek and made him wish fiercely that he could bestow that kick upon

the tutor that he meant to bestow later upon the football. A coach, too! He knew what that meant—odd hours of work put in at all sorts of impossible times, tiresome complaints if he failed in his attendance, unutterable boredom if he went. He would have liked to tell Mr. Willis that the idea was so absurd that he simply refused to entertain it, but he did not dare to venture on so desperate a step; it would mean an instant letter to his father, and his father was not in good health, and, in spite of his indolence over his books, Hugh loved him too much to be willing to worry him more than he could help.

He said nothing, therefore, while Mr. Willis fumbled about among his papers.

"I had it here yesterday," muttered the tutor; "'time for another pupil'—I know it said that—but I must find it. I never can keep addresses in my head!"

He was more like a little beetle than ever, muddling and mumbling, and a wave of hot impatience ran through Hugh's veins as he looked at the clock, and then at the near-sighted searcher, and then back again at the clock.

"Ah! here it is!" cried Mr. Willis suddenly, as he drew out a letter from under a pile of papers, "I knew that I had it somewhere:

"DEAR SIR,—You told me to let you know when I had time for another pupil. I have the hour from five to six vacant on three days in the week, and I shall be glad to hear of someone to fill it.—Yours faithfully,
ORME FIELDING."

"But I can't go at that time!" exclaimed Hugh. "I am full up with matches, and I can never get back and change and go down to that out-of-the-way place!"

He stared at the address on the paper which Mr. Willis had handed him with an expression of utter dismay, but the tutor did not relent.

"You must arrange that as best you can," he said; "I cannot let you miss the chance, the best history coach in Oxford for—well, for those whose brains are rather below the average! I have found it so again and again."

Hugh's rage made him speechless, and an

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inarticulate growl was all that he was capable of when Mr. Willis bade him good-afternoon. Plunging down the stairs, he crossed the quad to his own rooms, and poured out his wrath to the friend whom he found waiting for him.

"Silly old ass!" he foamed. "He ought to be kicked out of the place, or ducked in the fountain! And as for the beastly coach——"

"Well, buck up and change," said his friend in a soothing tone. "It's nearly half-past one, and it won't do to keep the other chaps waiting."

Hugh had never played better than he did that afternoon; the crowds who cheered his

thundering charges and brilliant shots at goal had no idea that they were directed, not against the opposing team, but against the beetle-like tutor and the best coach in Oxford for those whose brains were below the average.

That phrase stuck and rankled, and it was in no pleasant mood that he presented himself at the door of the house that evening and asked to see Mr. Fielding. It was a business-like looking little study into which he was shown; rows upon rows of history books lined the walls, papers and pens lay upon the table, and two uncompromising straight-backed chairs faced each other on either side of it. He gazed at the chairs vindictively,

and wondered how many weak-brained victims had shivered under the merciless inspection of the highly superior coach—he could just imagine him, thinner, dustier, and ten times more disagreeable—looking than the beetle himself. Such creatures ought to be put into glass bottles and shut up in the museums to which they properly belonged; they ought not to be allowed to be at large, spoiling the enjoyment of people who really knew how to get something out of life!

The sound of the opening door broke in upon his thoughts, and at sight of the figure that entered the room his brow cleared suddenly: bright, waving hair, a sweet, softly-tinted face, and eyes with a light in them that seemed to shed a glow over the stern, business-like room. Here was a respite from his dreaded task-master, and, as if by magic,



"I had it here yesterday," muttered the tutor."—p. 101.

Drawn by
Malcolm Patterson

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he ceased to look like a sulky schoolboy, and became a polite and polished gentleman.

"My tutor sent me here to see Mr. Fielding," he said. "I hope that I have not come at an inconvenient time?"

"Not at all," she said, with a frank friendliness of manner that he found very charming; "please sit down. Have you come to arrange about coaching?"

The gloom crept back into his face, but a gleam of fun suddenly pierced it as he looked across at her.

"You don't mind my saying that it's a beastly bore, do you?" he said.

His manner was contagious, and a smile lit up her own face as she answered.

"I can understand that you like football better than reading history!" she said.

"How did you guess that?" he demanded, and the awe in his tone showed her so plainly that he thought her a witch that she laughed outright.

"Well, I read about the matches sometimes," she said, "and, when the maid brought in a card just now with your name upon it, it did not need much cleverness to guess that the celebrated blue had come to call!"

His cheek flushed, and every nerve in his powerful frame tingled with pleasure; he was no braggart, there was not a scrap of vanity in him, but he had been so ruffled by his tutor's scathing remarks that this quite unexpected appreciation was aalm to him.

"Do you ever come to the matches?" he said eagerly, with a sudden sense that he could play ten times beyond his usual form if her eyes were upon him. "We had a ripping one this afternoon, and we beat them three goals to nil! I had an awful rush to get back in time for hall, and that reminds me," he added, with all the animation fading from his voice, "Mr. Fielding says he has only the hour between five and six vacant; don't you think you could get him to put it half an hour later? If you'd ever been in a team, you'd know how bothering it is to be tied up with an engagement; half an hour extra would make just all the difference to me."

"Yes, I can understand that," she said; "I used to be in the hockey team at Somerville, so I know something about it."

"Then will you really ask him? Of course he will think it all rot; these old

beetles—oh! I say, I beg your pardon—I mean these great scholars—always do!"

His consternation at the slip was so utter that she could not help laughing, a delicious laugh like a peal of fairy bells, and as he heard it his confidence returned to him.

"You won't tell him I said that, will you?" he pleaded. "It would set him against me at once, and Mr. Willis has been telling me what a—well, what a formidable person he is. He said that he should send me to him because he was the best coach in Oxford for people whose brains were below the average—in other words, for idiots! You wouldn't like to have a thing like that said to you, would you?"

"No, I shouldn't," she answered, but she did not laugh this time, and he wondered whether he had vexed her, for there was a look on her face that he did not quite understand.

"I am afraid that Mr. Willis did not explain things very clearly to you," she said after a moment; "did you think that it was my father who taught history?"

"Yes, I thought so; but perhaps you are only staying here? I hope not, because I am sure that you would put in a good word for me now and then with Mr. Fielding."

"Oh! yes, I live here," she said quickly, and then she paused again, and he wondered what was coming. "I live here with my brother; he is much older than I am, and we set up house together as soon as I had taken my degree."

"I see; and it is he who is the coach?"

"Oh, no! He is an invalid and suffers terribly; it is I who am the coach!"

She uttered the words timidly, and Hugh heard them with an astonishment that struck him dumb.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered at last. "I mean for calling it beastly and all that."

If she had expected that he would show any pleasure at the prospect of reading with her, she was doomed to disappointment; but perhaps she had not expected it, for she answered cheerfully enough.

"Thank you, I quite understand. And now shall we settle about hours? I will try and manage half-past five; it is only that I like to finish my work by six o'clock, because I have a good deal to do for my brother."

"Oh, but I can't let you put yourself out like that!" he exclaimed.

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"Yes, I will gladly make an exception for you; my brother will be greatly interested when he hears that you are coming to me. He is very keen on football; it was in a football match that he got the twist to his spine that was the beginning of his illness."

"Then I wonder that he doesn't loathe the very name of it; I should, if such a thing happened to me."

"Yes, but Geoffrey isn't like that," she said gravely, as she lifted her eyes to his face and he felt rebuked, but her next words set him at his ease again:

"It will be very kind of you, if you will spare a few minutes for him sometimes; I think that it would please him more to have a visit from a football blue than from anyone else in the world."

"Of course I will come," he said, and she thanked him warmly. But all the same, his thoughts were not very cheerful as he made his way back to college; he had all a healthy young man's dread of an invalid, and, moreover, he felt a horrible grudge against Mr. Willis for landing him with such a coach.

"Wouldn't the other fellows chaff me if they knew it!" he muttered to himself, as he strode along. "A little bit of a girl that I could lift with one finger! And telling her that she only gets me because I'm next door to an idiot. But they shan't know it! I'll just hold my tongue about the whole disgusting business!"

It was in no conciliatory mood that he went to the house next day, nor did his visit do anything to smooth his ruffled feelings; his ignorance was lamentable, but what mattered even more, was that he seemed to have no capacity for work, and when the hour was over his instructress shook her head.

"You have not been putting your mind into your work!" she said. "I dare say that if I were to ask you the names of the University football teams for the last ten years, you could give them without a mistake?"

"Why of course!" he said. "Or the last twenty, for the matter of that!"

"Then that shows that you really have a good memory, but that it only works when you are interested in the subject. You must get yourself interested in history if you are to do any good with it."

She was really almost as bad as if she had been the old beetle himself! He looked at her as she sat opposite to him at the table, and felt that he hated her—the bright eyes,

the pretty blush-rose of the cheeks, the waving hair, the dainty little hands—each and all were a separate insult to him. Why should he submit to be lectured and humiliated by a pink and white bit of a creature like that? He was not going to stand it for anybody, and he vowed that he would never go near the place again.

He did go, all the same, for to complain to Mr. Willis that she thought poorly of him would only be to lay himself open to disagreeable remarks; and on his next visit things went better, for though they came to a stiff political subject that would have discouraged most people, he suddenly showed himself not only intelligent, but full of information.

"How did you learn all that?" she said, glancing up at him in surprise.

"I didn't learn it," he said, "I just know it, because the Sir Hugh Laxton of that day was my father's great-grandfather; he was in the Cabinet, and we've got lots of his letters and diaries at home; it is just a bit of family history."

A light kindled in her eyes, and her cheeks glowed.

"And yet you say that you don't care for these things!" she cried. "Why, you are just a part of it all; and who knows whether you won't be called upon to make history yourself one of these days!"

Hugh shrugged his shoulders.

"How frightfully keen you are!" he said. "I wish I was like you—caring for nothing on earth but grinding away at books!"

The glow died from her face, and her lips half-opened to speak; then she glanced at the clock, and rose from her seat.

"Our time is up," she said, "but I want just to ask you if you would come in and have tea with my brother on Sunday afternoon. He is pretty well just now, and he would so like to see you."

Hugh did not much relish the prospect, but to refuse would be brutal, and he duly appeared on the Sunday and was ushered into the invalid's room, glancing timidly as he did so at the couch that stood near the fire.

But there was nothing to dread in Geoffrey Fielding's look; his face was worn and wasted, but it lit up with a smile at the sight of his visitor, and though the helpless frame lay under its coverings, the hand was stretched out eagerly in welcome.

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"'You have not been putting your mind into your work,' she said."

*Drawn by
Malcolm Patterson.*

"I say, this is awfully good of you!" he said. "I told my sister she mustn't bother you to come, but she always wants to get any pleasure that she can for me. Sit down, won't you? I saw something in the paper the other day about some new regulations for one of the Leagues, and I want to ask you about it."

Hugh was at his ease at once, and plunging into a highly technical discussion, he quite forgot that he was talking to an invalid until Geoffrey suddenly gave an uneasy movement.

"I wonder whether you would mind raising the head of my couch a little," he said. "I don't want to call my sister, because she's getting the tea."

Hugh would far rather have set out single-handed to capture a mad bull, but, screwing up his courage to its utmost extent, he tremblingly approached the couch and did his best to follow Geoffrey's directions; in spite of his care, he was not very successful, and when he sat down again he looked ruefully at his uncomplaining host.

"What a rotter I am!" he said. "I know

I hurt you, and I expect that I've tired you, too, with all my talk."

"Oh, no, you haven't tired me," said Geoffrey; "it has been just the greatest treat to me to see you."

"But I don't see how you can like talking about football, when—" He hesitated, but Geoffrey took up the word.

"When I am flat on my back for life? Well, it was hard at first, but I wouldn't let myself give in to it—the football is the least part of it. What does madden me at times, is having to lie here and let my sister work for me!"

A look of such anguish came into his face that Hugh gazed at him in terror, but after a minute he recovered himself.

"There were only the two of us, and I was always a sort of father to her," he said; "our parents both died young, but we lived with an uncle, and he gave us everything we wanted. Orme was named after him, and he made an idol of her; and then there came a smash in his financial affairs, and he broke his heart and died a bankrupt, and she and

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I were thrown on the world. We didn't really mind, except for his sake; I had been called to the Bar, and had capital prospects, and though I told her she need not work, she insisted on coming up to Somerville. She took a fine degree, but I did not want her to earn her bread, and she was coming to live with me in a jolly little house near London; and then I went off to play in a match one Saturday afternoon, and was brought back a cripple."

He told the story quite simply, with no complaints or appeals for sympathy, but that only made its tragedy more apparent. Hugh was conscious of a most uncomfortable lump in his throat, and he could not say anything.

"And then Orme showed what a little heroine she is," went on Geoffry after a minute. "As soon as it was clear that I was to be on my back for the rest of my life, she got the promise of work here, and we came into this little house with her old nurse to look after me. I do reviewing or proof correcting whenever I am well enough, but it is Orme who keeps the house going; she is a splendid coach, and gets plenty of work. She has been at it two years now, and sometimes when I think that she is not twenty-three yet, and that she has none of the good times that other girls get, I feel—" His voice died away there, and Hugh looked at him with a sympathy that rendered him incapable of speech for a time.

"And I was twenty-three my last birthday!" he burst out suddenly. "I was such an awful duffer that I had to go to a tutor after I left Eton, before I could come up here. My father was dead set on Oxford, and I didn't mind coming, because I wanted to get my blue; but he isn't a bit strong, and I've worried him awfully by being such a slacker. I lost a whole term because I wouldn't work, and here I am now being coached, when your sister—"

He came to a sudden stop as the door opened, but quickly as he sprang up to greet Orme, and take the tea-kettle out of her hands, he could not hide his look, and she glanced from his flushed face to Geoffry's pale one, wondering what they could possibly have been talking about.

They neither of them told her, however, and by the time that the table was set and the tea made, Hugh was quite himself again—to all outward appearance at least, for

there was a sting of shame in his heart that he could not get rid of, try as he might. He talked and laughed, waited shyly on Orme and reverentially on the invalid, but, although they agreed after he was gone that he was the most delightful visitor they had ever had, his brow clouded over as soon as he was outside the house, and a host of uneasy thoughts made him their prey.

He told those thoughts to no one, but their effect was shown in a question that Orme one day put to her brother.

"What did you and Mr. Laxton talk about that Sunday he was here?" she asked. "There has been the most extraordinary change in his work, and I can only suppose that you gave him some good advice."

"I never give people good advice," said Geoffry quietly; "I don't think it is a bit of use." And Orme said to herself that it was just the sight of her patient, unselfish brother that had wrought the miracle.

That had had something to do with it, no doubt, but if Hugh had been asked he would have said that it was the sight of the patient, unselfish sister, with the natural love of the pleasures suited to her age, yet toiling away without a word of complaint, that had opened his eyes to the purposelessness of his own existence. He would have liked to relieve her of her anxieties, to surround her with pleasures, to shelter her from toil and grief; but he had an instinctive feeling that she looked upon him as an idling fool, and it stung him into a resolve to show her that he was not quite so brainless as Mr. Willis represented him as being. The fruit of that resolve was seen when the class lists came out; and freeing himself as soon as he could from his congratulating friends, Hugh rushed round to tell her the news.

"I should never have passed at all, if it had not been for you," he said; "and as for getting a second—well, I should have had about as much chance of getting the moon! My father won't be able to believe it when he gets the telegram—I'm off to send it now, and I should like to see his face when he opens it!"

"We shall miss him when he has gone," said Geoffry, as he rushed off on his joyful errand, and if Orme did not respond quite so cordially as usual, he merely thought that she was tired, and wished with all his heart that she could have a rest instead of taking Long Vacation pupils.

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But it was not weariness that weighed upon Orme, it was the knowledge that Hugh was going, that his life would be filled up with all the multifarious interests that awaited him, and that she should never see him any more—never any more!

"You must never marry anyone but the profoundest of scholars!" her brother had said laughingly to her one day, when she had been talking eagerly about the discovery of some ancient historical records, and yet here she was—not loving Hugh—she would not admit that—but feeling a strange ache at her heart, a strange distaste for her daily tasks, and a pang at the thought of parting with this big, handsome boy, with his head full of football, and a life of ease and wealth opening out before him. It was hard to preserve her usual calm friendliness of manner when he came to say good-bye, but she succeeded in spite of all it cost her, and wished him good fortune with a smiling face.

"I shall soon come back to see you," were his last words, as he left the house, and Orme wondered bitterly how soon that promise would be forgotten.

That was a hot summer, and Geoffry flagged woefully in the oppression of his little room, while he longed for sea breezes with a sick longing. Not a word escaped his lips, for he knew that they could not afford to lose the Long Vacation classes that Orme was conducting, but it wrung his heart to see the colour fade from her cheek, while she toiled away for the useless log, as he sadly called himself in

his thoughts. The weeks crawled by, the autumn term began, and without any rest or break Orme took up a new set of pupils—not one like Hugh!—not one with his bright face, winning manner and chivalrous consideration; but Hugh had forgotten his promise, and she should never see him again.

"Listen to this," said Geoffry one day, as he lay reading the newspaper while Orme corrected essays at the table: "We regret to announce the death of Sir Hugh Laxton, which took place yesterday, at his residence, Laxton Hall, Exeter. His illness had been a prolonged one, and his sufferings were great during the past summer, but the end came somewhat suddenly. Lady Laxton has



"I should never have passed at all, if it had not been for you."

Drawn by
Malcolm Patterson.

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been dead for some years, and the deceased baronet had only one child, a son, who succeeds to the title and estates."

"Poor boy, I wonder what he will make of it!" said Geoffry, but Orme said nothing. She had always told herself that she should never see Hugh again, but now the knowledge was pressed home to her, and she found it bitter.

Yet Orme did see him again, and that before so many months were passed. One stormy, snowy day in the Christmas vacation she fought her way home laden with some books that she had been to procure from the library, and as she opened the study door, wet through and wearied out, she stood still with a sudden thrill of terror.

"If I am beginning to see visions, I had better go to a doctor at once!" she said to herself, and then the figure that sat in the chair by the fire stirred, looked round, came forward, and took her hand in a grasp so strong and warm that she knew it was no vision that she saw before her.

"I asked the maid to let me wait here till you came in," said Hugh's voice. "I wanted to see the room again, and to think about the old days."

He was just the same—and yet when she looked at him again, she saw that he was changed; he was older and graver, the bright-faced boy had been turned into a man by sorrow and responsibility. She would not have dared to speak of his loss, but as soon as their first greetings were over he spoke of it himself.

"It was owing to you that I was able to make my father's last days happy," he said. "I can't talk about this last summer—his sufferings were too terrible; but when he found that I had tackled my work at last, that he could treat me as a man and consult with me about the estate and all that sort of thing, it seemed to comfort him more than anything else—and it was all your doing!"

She knew that it was an exaggeration, but it was very sweet to hear it—so sweet that she could not steady her voice to reply.

"I told him about you," went on Hugh after a minute, "and he said that he wished he could see you and thank you himself; and then I told him that I loved you, and that I should come and ask you to be my wife."

It was so unexpected, so utterly amazing, that Orme could not believe that she heard aright; but in spite of the exquisite joy that

flooded her whole being, she met his eager look with a shake of the head.

"I could not think of it for a moment," she said; "you have a great position to fill, and you must find someone who has been born to that kind of life. I am sure that all your friends would say so, and your relations too."

"Relations!" cried Hugh impetuously. "My only relation in the world is an old aunt who cares for nothing but her fat, wheezy pug! And as for friends, my father was the dearest friend I ever had, and when I told him about you, he said that the way you had helped me showed what you were, and that I was to tell you that he wished that you could have been his daughter as well as my wife! I know that you think me a duffer, but I love you with all my heart, and I would do my best to be worthy of you!"

"But I don't think you a duffer!" she cried indignantly. "It is only that you have so much to give, and I have so little; it would not be right—"

"If you give me your love, you will give me all the world!" he said. "If you could see that great desolate house and all the piles of work that have to be got through, and all the heaps of things that have to be done, you would say that I am selfish to ask it. Perhaps I am selfish, yet I can think of nothing but the joy that it would be to have you always with me. Geoffry would have the gardens to lie out in, and all the hundreds of books in the library to read when he felt able to study; and you would help me—oh, my darling! how you would help me! Don't say 'No' to me, Orme; that word would break my heart, and if you do love me, you have no right to say it!"

She had no right, for she did love him, and as she let him draw her hands into his eager clasp, the smile that broke over his face brought back the boyish look that she loved so well.

"You were awfully hard on me sometimes, you know!" he said. "I can't believe that I have really had courage enough to love the best coach in Oxford!"

But Orme looked up at him entreatingly. "Don't call me that!" she said. "The work was sweet for Geoffry's sake, but, oh! it has been hard to make myself always cold and stern and instructive! I am going to learn of you now, and you must never think of me as your coach again."

THE TEMPERAMENT OF JESUS

Concluding Article in "Religion and Temperament" Series

By the Rev. J. G. STEVENSON, B.A.

The wonder of Christianity is the life of its Founder. The more we learn about psychology the more we wonder at Jesus of Nazareth. In this concluding article of his series, Mr. Stevenson shows to what an extraordinary degree Jesus combined in His personality the peculiarities of the various temperaments.

THERE is one Jesus, and we all need Him. There are many Christs, and we need them all. When His supreme personality is regarded as a whole, Jesus stands revealed in time as what God the Father is in eternity, "for in Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." Well may Thomas Carlyle have written, "Our highest Orpheus walked in Judea eighteen hundred years ago. His sphere-melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men; and being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold accompaniments and rich symphonies, through all our hearts; and modulates and divinely leads them." This testimony is true; and they who can adopt it as the verdict of their noblest experience know Jesus as the answer to Philip's demand, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." To have even a dim sense of the whole Jesus is to be blessed indeed. Further, even those who behold the sun from afar may learn more about its light by spectrum analysis. So the Light of the World yields to analysis arresting vision of His sectional glories.

The First Conception

Any analysis shows, for example, Jesus, Saviour of all men, Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. So overwhelming is this vision of Him that they do not greatly err who see no other Jesus, and who regard Christianity merely as the fulfilment of His promise, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." Christianity is, surely, redemption, or it is nothing; and the Church has no anthem like that which proclaims, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

Other rays of the spiritual spectrum show us a Jesus who may with reverence be referred to as the Intellectual Jesus. Somehow, this Jesus has failed of appreciation, and the failure is not entirely to the discredit of humanity. It is a by-product of our recognition that for immortal souls character is the most significant wisdom, and goodness is the only ultimate cleverness.

Yet, since the world pays an inordinate tribute to intellectuality and smartness, it is well from time to time to draw attention to the abounding mentality necessary for the conceiving and expounding of such amazing conceptions as the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Men, and the Kingdom of Heaven. Of course, the real power of these conceptions is in their spiritual phases, but, nevertheless, they have an intellectual character. Our Lord's gift of repartee, shown so often in His encounter with critics and opponents, still awaits recognition; and a generation inclined to identify goodness with mental and verbal feebleness will do well to re-read such passages as that which tells of our Lord's encounter with those who asked: "At the resurrection, therefore, whose wife shall she be of the seven?" His reply convicted His questioners of overlooking an element implicit in the doctrine they were controverting; and it was in all respects the very retort for critics and audience.

The Genius of Friendship

Yet another Jesus may be spoken of as Jesus the Friend. "I have called you friends," was His word to His disciples. Friend He certainly was to the two sisters and the brother in that home in Bethany, where even the family squabbles were referred to Him; and there must have been much comradeship between Him and the man whose beast was borrowed for His

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triumphal entry into Jerusalem. How else can we account for the confident note of the instruction, "Go into the village that is over against you: and straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her. Loose him and bring him unto me. And if anyone say aught unto you, ye shall say, the Lord hath need of him; and straightway he will send him"? One needs to have given friendship, and to be very sure it is returned, before one makes so free with the property of another. Our Lord's much praying for those whom He loved, His declaration "For their sake, I sanctify Myself," that wonderful patience in personal relationships which greeted even the apostate with "Friend, wherfore art thou come?" and, later, so tenderly restored the disgraced Peter—all these show that Jesus had a genius for comradeship. What, indeed, was the Incarnation unless an experiment in friendship?

To realise Jesus as Saviour, as Intellectual and as Friend, is but to make a beginning of analysing His personality; and given such a beginning, who can be equal to the complete analysis? We can only describe what we see, for whether we regard Him sectionally or as a whole, Jesus is always far greater than our largest thought of Him. Yet to inquire concerning the temperament of Jesus is to increase knowledge. Some there are who regard such inquiry as blasphemy, and proclaim that where our Lord is concerned there is no question of temperament. Surely, such people forget that the Son of God was also Son of Man; and they miss obvious implications from the fact that while in Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, in all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren. It stands to reason that He who had in His ancestral tree Jacob and Tamar and David and Solomon, had temperament. How else account for the temptations in the wilderness? How else interpret such a text as "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin"? What, indeed, was the mighty victory of Gethsemane, unless it was the triumph of a character over a temperament?

The Artistic Jesus

The public career that ended with the agony and bloody sweat of the garden, and

the pain and darkness of the hill-top, began with wedding festivities. It seems, then, as if the temperament of Jesus were not one only, but many. This supposition is made clearer by observation. Our Lord hath within Himself every normal temperament discoverable within humanity. In the self-portraiture of St. Paul there is very little of the artistic temperament. He seems to have passed unmoved through all the beauties of the Mediterranean; and save for his reference to the glory of the sun, and the glory of the moon, and the glory of the stars, we should scarcely know that the beautiful appealed to him. But Jesus has been hailed by artists as a perfect example of the artistic temperament. Certainly, He had all the best of that temperament. "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow," was one of His typical exhortations; and those He rebuked were aware that He noted red skies. Further, it is only His goodness that hides from us the perfect beauty, the ideal artistry of His life. The Byzantine artists, who missed so much, seem to have realised the artistic temperament of their Lord; and when, as in the famous mosaic on the wall of St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice, they dared to show forth a Jesus, young, beardless, manly and aesthetic, it is evident that they were determined to notify the world that a greater than Apollo was the object of their adoration.

The Practical Jesus

The Jesus who was artistic also showed forth the practical temperament. True, He turned business men out of the Temple, but that was because they had made His Father's house a den of thieves. The disciples, when, after the feeding of the multitude in the wilderness, they took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full, acted thus because they were the servants of a practical Master. "Then the Pharisees went out and held a council against Him how they might destroy Him. But when Jesus knew it He withdrew Himself from thence," means that on occasion our Lord was fully equal to looking after Himself. Finally, was not the Cross business rather than quixotry? Anyone less practical would have tried one of those short cuts that are so fatal in the spiritual realm. He had the courage of the Via Dolorosa because

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only thus could He open for men a permanent way to eternal holiness. Judged by merely worldly wisdom Calvary reveals itself as the triumph of astuteness.

The Melancholic Jesus

The temperament of Jesus becomes more wonderful and more impressive when it is seen to reveal also the four great historic temperaments, the melancholy, the choleric, the phlegmatic and the sanguine. To the melancholy phases of His temperament, the epitaph, Man of Sorrows, bears witness; and similar is the testimony of facts like these. When He stood in the midst of those who wept for the dead Lazarus, He had it in mind to call back His friend. Yet He groaned in the spirit and was troubled, "Jesus wept," and "groaning in Himself" He came to the grave. Approaching Jerusalem, "when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it." Gethsemane brought the melancholy of His holy life to a climax; and the cry from the cross, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" meant, besides much else, that the melancholic phase of His temperament was asserting itself for the last time.

The Choleric Jesus

It is not improbable that the Pharisees talked about Jesus as if He were a marked example of the choleric temperament, for "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites," must have made hearers fully aware of the power of holy anger.

Our Lord must have had all the possibilities of the phlegmatic. How else account for His patience and staying power during the long years of obscurity and preparation? How else could the All Pure have faced the sins of the world and yet have lived? Could anyone not phlegmatic have put up with the stupidity of the disciples, or continued to face day after day the hate of His enemies, or have tolerated the waywardness of St. Peter, that *enfant terrible* of the apostolic Company? It is worth while remembering that Jesus had nerves as well as personality.

The Sanguine

Finally, Incarnation, Nativity, Calvary and Resurrection are just so many indications of the sanguine in Jesus. Only to the sanguine would the most significant phases of His career have been possible. His whole earthly life meant that He saw beyond ap-

pearances to things as they really were, and as they would surely be. He addressed much of his message literally to the man in the street. Wireless telegraphy has taught us that unless transmitter and receiver are keyed together the message trembles in the ether in vain. The parable is obvious. Jesus died for men not only because their sins drove Him to Calvary, but because He deemed them salvable. That mighty saying, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me," ranked our Lord for ever as the supreme among the sanguine, for more than optimism went to the dream of making a gallows irresistible.

What is more, the Resurrection yields similar testimony. Survival could have no lure for the All Knowing Who was not sanguine. And, of course, all this, remarkable though it be, is not unexplainable. Would the link between God and man still be what it is were not a sanguine Deity on the throne of the world? Jesus, as aforesaid, was in time what God the Father is in eternity; and this fact makes clear much else besides the sanguine element in His holy personality.

The Something above All

Dante knew he was rising into a higher sphere because he saw a new beauty in the face of Beatrice. So far as this reverent delineation of our Lord makes Him for us more glorious and more winsome, the gain shows we have risen to higher levels of insight. Yet the more we know of Him, the more we are sure that He is greater than the mere sum of the elements of temperament discernible in His personality. He made the great passage from temperament to character; and it is worth while inquiring what the change meant. Success in the inquiry means contemplation and prayer; and it is only by degrees that we realise His triumph of character lay in the due proportion of His temperamental elements.

The proportion which men regard as most definitely characteristic of the Greek found its most impressive example in Him Whose body was Hebrew, while His soul was that of the Son of Man.

Test Him by the characteristics of any temperament you choose, and you find His perfection lay in the fact that those characteristics were never under-developed or over-developed. In every case they were

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developed exactly to the point that meant a maximum contribution to the perfection of His personality. He was choleric; but this element never so overcame other phases of His character that His anger became sin; always His anger was His love on fire, and all such ire is self-regulative. Had the phlegmatic element in Him been allowed to over-develop, the widow of Nain might have met an unsympathetic Jesus, and Mary and Martha might have appealed to an indifferent Lord. Exaggeration of melancholy might have meant gloomy futility; and certainly to be sanguine over-much would have brought Him to Calvary before His work of revelation was done. It was the ideal proportion of temperamental elements that made Him what He was.

The Perfect Mean

Even the development of His individual traits hit the perfect mean. Dreamer and doer, the Man of thought and the Man of action, met in Him in ideal combination. He was always solicitous for others rather than for Himself, and yet when the ire of His enemies meant menace to His plans, He walked no more openly for fear of the Jews. He was ever the approachable Jesus, yet human intercessions and judgments had only their legitimate weight with Him. Always He asserted His own uniqueness, and always also He mingled with men as One who had much in common with them. He was simple and yet profound, sovereign and yet strangely dependent, joyous and serious, majestic and yet humble.

In fine, He was as free from exaggeration as He was from under-development. Had He possessed in pre-eminence some great virtue, whose supremacy meant that in other respects He was weak, we should be compelled to admire Him. What, then, must be our attitude to Him Who without wavering or readjustment showed ever that inward spiritual harmony, that perfect

ethical poise, that ideal symmetry which distinguished Jesus Christ?

Of course, all this spells Divinity. It means all of God that could be expressed in a human life; and the perfection of the human Jesus appeals to us for imitation. The appeal saddens by its vista of the impossible, and yet for all this it is none the less imperative.

"Was Christ a man like us? Ah, let us try
If we then too can be such men as He!"

It was Matthew Arnold who wrote thus; and he spoke for us all. To see that Jesus was so like us, is to see He was so different and to yearn to make the difference less. We also must aim at that due proportion of characteristics that makes character. And the way of this?

Jesus as King

The most certain help to our own development is the real and definite overlordship of Jesus.

During the later Middle Ages, when the Medici tyranny was oppressing Florence to its moral hurt, a gathering of citizens came together to decide on some policy of opposition. After much talking, one of the Piagnoni or Puritan party, a certain Niccolò Capponi, electrified the assembly by proposing that Jesus Christ be elected King of Florence. Popular enthusiasm surged forth in a great wave of admiration for the Divine Man of Nazareth; and the citizens voted, and there were nearly eleven hundred for Capponi's proposal, and only eighteen against.

But Jesus Christ was never King of Florence. The citizens admired Him, acclaimed Him, voted for Him, but they did not enthrone Him King within their individual personalities; and this last is the first step toward any progress, personal or national, spiritual or social. The passage from temperament to character makes itself evident when we begin in all earnest to yield submission to the overlordship of Jesus.

The series which this article concludes forms the basis of an important volume on "Religion and Temperament," to be published shortly by Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.



"There was a terrific explosion, like a bolt from the blue"—p. 974.

Drawn by
E. S. Hodgson.

PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES

A DASH UPON A BURNING POWDER-SHED

From the Narrative of Mr. James Moulder

As Told to WALTER WOOD

No act for which the Victoria Cross has been awarded since that coveted decoration was instituted has surpassed in courage the deed for which Mr. James Moulder received from the King the Albert Medal of the Second Class. The event from which the honour arose occurred on July 12th, 1911, at Barton Moss, near Manchester. In addition to receiving the Albert Medal, Mr. Moulder had other distinctions conferred upon him in recognition of his bravery.

IT is not easy for a man like myself to tell a story, especially when that story relates to some personal doing; for I am only a farm-hand, employed by my father on his farm at Barton Moss, near Manchester, and story-telling does not often come my way.

In such a life as mine there is not any great variety. Work begins early in the morning and goes on till late in the after-

noon, without much happening to vary the monotony of toil. But when a change does come into a farm-hand's life, it often does so in a violent and unexpected fashion, and for that reason makes a vivid and lasting impression.

They say that when lightning strikes a man it often leaves a wonderfully clear picture of strange things on the body. Well,

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the affair I am about to tell of happened almost with the quickness of lightning, and certainly left on my own mind a record that can never be removed.

It was a terribly hot day in the summer of 1911—a summer which, as we all remember, was remarkably fine and hot. The heat was particularly fierce in the middle of July, on a day when I was peacefully at work, thinking no more of any accident happening than I thought that some day I should be telling the story of the event for folks to read.

Adjoining my father's fields is a fireworks manufactory, which was owned by Mr. John Petty. The buildings were constructed entirely of wood, and consisted of a number of low sheds, which were not only isolated but also had large fire-screens erected between them for the purpose of giving additional protection against accident.

The sheds were separated by a ditch from the field where I was working. Every precaution is taken in factories of this sort to avoid mishaps, and accidents are comparatively rare; but when they do occur they are calamitous. As a rule, the cause of these disasters is beyond human control and foresight, and I think that the affair of which I am speaking may be reasonably put under this head.

There was at the manufactory one special shed known as the charging-shop—a long, low building with windows and double doors on the south side. About twenty yards away from the charging-shop was the powder-magazine, where the powder was stored which was needed for making the various fireworks and explosives; so you can easily imagine what would have happened if the fire of which I am telling had reached *that* place. One thing is almost certain, and it is that I should hardly have been here to tell the tale of what occurred on that broiling summer afternoon.

The long range of wooden buildings was familiar to me, and of course I knew what sort of work was carried out in them; but I never thought of danger as I went peacefully about my business in the field.

It was about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was at its hottest, the air was stifling, and the very ground seemed to be baking, when I was startled by a terrific and entirely unexpected explosion—literally, something like a bolt from the blue.

Almost before I could realise what had taken place there was a second crash like thunder—a report so tremendous that it shook the earth on which I stood, and almost made me jump out of my skin, as we say in the North.

I knew at once what had happened—there had been an explosion at the powder-works; but if I had had any doubt on the point, it would have been set at rest by the sight which met my gaze when I pulled myself together and looked towards the wooden buildings of the factory.

A glance showed me that the roof of the charging-shed was blown completely off, and that the whole building was in flames and was burning fiercely.

Forks of fire were shooting skyward in the hot air; there were dense clouds of smoke, and there was the sizzling sound of dry wood burning.

When the thunderous crashes came and the flames and smoke were rising in the stifling air, I was about a hundred and fifty yards from the powder-works, standing up and staring as if I had been suddenly turned to stone.

But I did not stand and stare for long.

I instantly realised the position and recollected that there was life in peril in the burning mass. Scarcely knowing what I did, I rushed towards the ditch and jumped it; then I tore across the parched ground, and never paused or hesitated till I reached the shattered sheds.

I started as soon as I had pulled myself together after the shock of the first explosion, and I had covered more than a hundred yards when there was another thunderous crash and a darkening of the air with dense smoke, mingled with and made horrible by immense tongues of flame.

The first thing I noticed when I got my wits together was that the proprietor's son, a tall, fine young fellow about thirty years of age, was staggering about the grass, obviously stunned and injured. When the first explosion occurred, he was going towards the sheds, in the discharge of his business; he was knocked down by the second explosion, and I saw him fall as I rushed up to see what I could do. The second explosion happened as I was about forty yards from the building, and as I dashed on, I vaguely expected other explosions, and felt excited accordingly.



"I grabbed Mr. Petty as best I could, and threw him through the burning door"—p. 976.

Drawn by
E. S. Hodgson.

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I can well understand the feelings of soldiers who are charging a strongly defended position from which men are blazing at them with gun and rifle, and can also realise what it means to take part in a forlorn hope. I suppose that really one of the chief things that keep men up at such times is the almost overwhelming excitement, and the hot blood which will see us through so many situations that we could not face in ordinary calm moments.

When I reached the son I saw that he was dreadfully hurt, and was an almost indescribable spectacle. His clothing was entirely torn off, and from his waist to the crown of his head he was as black as a coal. He was suffering terribly, both from actual bodily injuries and from shock.

"Save my father! Save my father! He's in there!" he moaned, indicating the charging-shop, and in his unselfish anxiety for his parent's safety he entirely lost sight of his own suffering and need of attention and assistance.

I rushed towards the building, and at once looked inside, where I saw a spectacle that made me almost numb with horror.

The proprietor, Mr. Petty, an old man, who had been struck down by the first explosion, was lying unconscious on the floor of the charging-shop, with the flames roaring all around him like a furnace. Even if he had been conscious he would have found it almost impossible to escape, for he was pinned by the burning wreckage and held a prisoner. He seemed to be utterly doomed.

At such a time one does not stop to think. I did not, perhaps fortunately, because if I had thought at all I might have told myself that I could not do it—especially with a wife and four children to provide for.

So without hesitation I jumped straight into the burning mass, grabbed Mr. Petty as best I could, threw him through the burning door into the open air, and then jumped after him, getting out of the charging-shop as quickly as I had got into it.

It does not take long to say that; but I fancy it took me a still less time to do it, because the fire was growing fiercer and fiercer, and, to add to the horrors of it, fireworks were exploding all around me, and I did not know when one of the dangerous bombs might burst near me, and treat me as Mr. Petty had been treated. I think there are few people who have not a secret

fear of exploding powder; and there was enough powder in various forms in the charging-shop to give very great reason for distrust and fright.

I need scarcely point out how completely master of the situation the fire was, because the wooden buildings were as dry as tinder, the air was intensely hot, there was powder, loose and manufactured, everywhere, and neither firemen nor fire-engines were available, nor was there anything helpful of the kind at hand to conquer the outbreak. Fire had everything its own way, and it did the work of destruction almost with the swiftness of a hurricane.

Perhaps I ought to pause for a moment to say that the actual cause of the explosion has never been satisfactorily explained. One theory is that the uncommonly hot sun set fire to something in the building, possibly woodwork, and so caused the disaster; another is that by accident one of the bombs which Mr. Petty was charging fell from the bench at which he was working and exploded, throwing the whole place instantly into flames. But whatever the origin was, the effect was just the same—the swift and utter ruin of the works.

A peculiarity of the accident which I particularly recall was the explosion of the fireworks. They went off in just the same manner as you would see them at a gala, but far more quickly; and there was this great difference, too, that the display was in the daytime, in the full sunshine, so that the actual brilliance of it was lost. If the affair had happened in darkness, no doubt the sight of the bursting rockets, with the many coloured stars, would have been very striking.

All that I have described so far had taken place in a few moments; indeed, it seemed only a matter of seconds between the sound of the first explosion and my jumping the ditch and rushing across the ground and plunging into the blazing building.

I don't wish to say anything about my own share in this event; but I don't think I exaggerate when I say that if there had been no one at hand the proprietor could not possibly have been got out of a building which was blazing so fiercely that it was an actual death-trap. I sometimes wonder how I got in—and wonder much more how I got out.

Within an almost incredibly short space of time from the first explosion the building

A DASH UPON A BURNING POWDER-SHED

had become a raging furnace, and had burnt itself to the ground, a mere red mass so hot that it was painful to be near it, especially on such a broiling day.

Although the powder-works were isolated—as all such buildings must be, I think, according to law—still there were many houses not far away, and as soon as the accident became known there was a rush of people towards the scene, anxious to do what they could in the way of assistance and salvation. The warning was given to them exactly as it was given to me—first the thunderous reports, and then the fierce flames and dense smoke. Those signals had just the same effect on the people of the district as I suppose a colliery explosion has upon the poor men and women who know so well what such a dreadful warning means.

I think that very great courage was shown by the people who, on understanding what had happened, hurried with all speed towards the scene of the disaster, for there was no one who could be certain that the magazine itself would not explode. If that had happened when there was a crowd of willing helpers around, the loss of life must have been terrible.

As for myself, I was pretty badly burnt, and I was naturally very much upset; but I am thankful to say that I managed to get Mr. Petty out of the shed into the open air, where he was taken charge of by neighbours, and he, in company with his son, was conveyed to a house not far away, where every possible attention was given until the doctors arrived.

The principal thing to be done was to apply oil to the burnt parts; but this kind action gave only temporary relief, for so dreadful was the accident that neither father nor son had so much as an eyelash left. It was a pitiful and awful sight, and I trust that I may never look upon such a one again.

Without any loss of time, news of the disaster was sent to the Royal Infirmary at Manchester, eight miles away, and during the evening Mr. Petty was taken to that institution in the ambulance; but, despite the care of doctors and nurses, he died that night, after intense suffering. His son also suffered fearfully for many weeks, but he eventually recovered. An elder brother, who was away at the time of the explosion, is now the proprietor of the powder-works.

I had rushed towards the shed, and had managed to get Mr. Petty out of the burning mass; I had done my duty—that and nothing more, and very soon, absorbed in my own little affairs, the matter passed more or less out of my mind, as these sorrowful things most mercifully do.

Then a day came when I had a very agreeable surprise, for I received an intimation from the Home Secretary, who at that time was Mr. Churchill, that the King had decided to confer the Albert Medal upon me, and instructing me to be at Buckingham Palace at a certain date in order to receive the decoration.

Well, a Royal Command is a Royal Command, and it is readily obeyed by every loyal subject. I can honestly say that I was in great fear and trembling as to what would happen when I was in the presence of my sovereign; but I need not have troubled in the least on that account, because nothing could have been more kind, gracious and homely than the way in which His Majesty listened to the story that was told about me, and then shook hands, and in a few kind words congratulated me; after which he himself pinned the precious medal on my breast.

That was, indeed, a proud moment for me, and, I am sure, for the other men who at the same time visited the Palace for the purpose of being decorated by the King for various acts of courage.

After the ceremony, which had promised to be such a trying ordeal, and which had proved so pleasant and easy, we were entertained at luncheon in the Palace, and afterwards left to see a few of the sights of London; then we returned to our homes. I came back to mine feeling particularly proud, I can assure you, in the possession of such an unlooked-for honour.

For my part in the affair of the powder-mills at Barton Moss, I received various acknowledgments which I do not value the less because they were entirely unexpected; but there is none I prize so highly as the beautiful medal which was given to me by the King at Buckingham Palace on that never-to-be-forgotten day when I went up to London in obedience to the Royal Command.

I always wear the Albert Medal on Sundays, and trust that I shall never disgrace it.



Photo: Alfred Leader, Bristol.

THE SUNSHINE AND THE SEA

A Holiday
Article
for People
at Home

By KEITH J. THOMAS

PEOPLE talk of the ineffable splendour of a sunrise on the mountains. A man once told me that the most magnificent sight he ever saw was a sunrise on the Strait of Gibraltar, when the sun literally rose up out of the sea, and little by little tinged the heavens and the waters with a million diverse colours, sparkling, scintillating and blending under the majesty and wonder of the dawn.

We see with delight poor images of these things in pictures, and do not heed them as they are spread before us across the wide spaces of earth and sky and water day by day. "Eyes have we and we see not," because we have not trained our eyes to see. Suppose, for one moment, that the sky had always been grey and overcast since you were born, and that one summer evening a wind sprang up and the clouds dispersed, revealing the majesty of the firmament of stars and all the wonders of the heavens. Would you not realise that a miracle had happened? How often do we look up and see with discerning eyes this inspiring and uplifting spectacle?

"Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
Such harmony is in immortal souls:
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

All the gifts of Nature are to be had for the asking. They are your right, and they await your care. But, like all gifts worth having, they must be striven for. You must train your eye to look for them and your brain to hear and understand. Then you will see how the earth can take on the form of Paradise and hear in its sounds the harmonies of Heaven.

People grumble at the rain. They put up their umbrellas, and, with eyes fixed on the ground before them, plod steadily on, complaining of the inconvenience. Look! See how the reflection of the lamps on the wet roads paints a fairy picture that the harsher dryness never shows you. Is there not some compensation for a little inconvenience in such a sight as that? The great French sculptor, Rodin, was tremendously impressed with the atmospheric effects of London at twilight. Have you really ever seen them? The late Melton Prior, the famous war correspondent and traveller, used to walk in a small County Council park on the borders of Greater London and declare that

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at sunset he was transported to Japan. These people see with understanding eyes ; and these things are there for you to see, wherever you live.

You have got two pairs of eyes. One pair is in your head, and the other in your mind. Most people use only the eyes that are in their heads. They deliberately blind the mental eyes, and for that reason they do not really see half the things that come into their range of vision. Suppose you are travelling out of London, westward. As you pass Exeter you know you are nearing the sea, and you eagerly look out for it. By and by you catch a glimpse of it in the distance, and as it spreads out before your view, you feast your gaze on it as a welcome relief from the streets of London. You notice its brilliant colouring, the ships sailing on it, the red cliffs and the sands, and you get a veritable banquet of pleasure. After a fortnight at the seaside you probably notice nothing but the people on the beach, the band, the promenade and the hundred trivial things that you can see anywhere. All the pleasant things you looked for so eagerly in the train are still there, but you do not look for them. You are not using the eyes in your mind.

Take the case of a solitary flower. One man may look at it and see just a flower and nothing more ; he may see its marvellous beauty of form and colouring without noticing them, because he doesn't see with the eye of understanding. Another man will see these things, because he looks with the eyes of his mind, and he will see also valleys and hills carpeted with a thousand hues of flowers and herbs, because he has trained

himself to see and look for these things, which are conjured up in his mental vision.

It is obvious that the eye has a most powerful effect on the mind. The duller person is exhilarated by bright sunshine, not knowing that there is always brightness for those who look for it. The more we actually see, by concentrating our attention on detail, the more we shall store up in our mind for the eyes of the mind to see whenever it wills. Thus, the habit of observation strengthens the imagination, and, as we know, it is the men who dream dreams that affect most potently the progress of the world. Train yourself to dream along practical lines.



Sun, Cloud and Sea.

Photo: A. W. Cutler.

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The Summit of
Mont Blanc.

Photo : G. R. Balian,
St. Moritz Dorf.

Look out for realities, and you will act in a practical manner. The artist gets his colour schemes by observing Nature. Suppose an artist did not see with the eye of understanding? He would know that a set of railway lines are equidistant apart, and looking at a section they appear to be so. But he looks at the lines receding into the distance and notices that they appear to meet. The man who first observed this illusion laid the foundation for modern art, in the sense that he started the practice of observation with the eye of the mind as well as the concentrated and restricted gaze of the physical optic. The artist must use his mental eye, or his drawings will be hopelessly grotesque. We should laugh at the draughtsman who drew his railway lines without making them meet; but is it not true that by lack of observation we miss many details of knowledge that would prevent our actions and thoughts being imperfect?

Get into the habit of looking for things. When you pass a draper's shop, notice the colour schemes in the window. Sometimes when you are re-papering a room or recovering your furniture, the observation will come in useful. If you get into the habit of observing closely with your eyes, you will find that it will make you intent with your other senses. You will notice people's voices and habits of speech, you will appreciate people's motives, you will look for cause when you see effect. These things are the mental eyes, waking up and taking in the vision of intangible things.

We talk of the eye of faith. This is the mental eye trained to look in a special direction. Deeply religious people con-

centrate their minds on spiritual things, and who shall say what heavenly sights they see or what heavenly sounds they hear? If you concentrate your attention on everything you see you will open up to your mental eye a vista that will astonish you. In days of gloom you will see the sunshine and the sea—a vision at your command absolutely, to cheer and enliven each day. People miss the glories of the world because they do not look for them. They are so in the habit of looking for perfection hereafter that they cannot see it here. They sing in church: "Oh, for the pearly gates of Heaven," not realising that, for those who seek, the streets of the city are paved with gold.

There is beauty and gladness all around you if you will only see it. The mental eye will always show it to you. It will correct the errors of the physical eye. Where the casual glance sees only the man, the searching glance of the eye sees the God in the man. The mental eye is the eye of the spirit, the eye that is in touch with the Divine in us. It opens to our gaze all the splendours of earth and sky. It shows us the brightness when the physical eye sees only the cloud, and discovers for us the treasures and gifts that the Creator has supplied for us. Look for beauty and gladness in everything. Resolutely refuse to see the black and sordid things of life. The world is a bright and lovely place, and only your own thought can darken it. just as your own thought can transform the blackest gloom into the radiance of the noonday. He that seeks shall find.

"Keep your face always towards the sunshine,
And the shadows will fall behind you."

CONVERSATION CORNER

CONDUCTED BY
THE EDITOR



The Holiday Month

AUGUST, like Christmas, has a well-established tradition, and a reputation, more or less well-earned, for departing from it. My next Christmas Number will contain stories, articles, pictures, with the snow heaped on in piles. When Christmas Day arrives there may be snow—in the North of Scotland and in the heart of Canada—but for the southern part of the British Isles a warm, sunny day may tempt us out of doors, or a downfall of rain prepare the ground for spring flowers. Still, the Christmas Number will be snow-bound: tradition demands it, and we all prefer it. August, too, may be so blazing hot that you may seek the coolest cellar under the house and read "Three Years in the Antarctic" to keep you cool; more likely you will surreptitiously light the dining-room fire and restore the circulation by perusing "A Dash upon a Burning Powder-Shed" or other items in this present issue.

Anyhow, it is the holiday month, and we shall do our best to keep up the proper tradition.

The Slack Time

IS there anything more depressing than taking up work again after a holiday? How the machinery seems to groan and the wheels clog! I have some varied memories of August. In childhood's days the month was particularly noted for slackness in trade. How well I can remember my father coming home day after day from his little shop with the same gloomy tale of "no work." The holiday season commenced early and ended late. Such of the "hands" as could not be induced to take a prolonged rest at the seaside were engaged in whitewashing the walls and other alien occupations, whilst visions of the Bankruptcy Court spoil the dinner-table and depressed the hearts of

the children. I believe an excursion to Margate filled up some part of the month, but the Bankruptcy Court seems to have left a firmer impression on my memory.

If Business Failed

WHAT would you do if your business, or your profession, or your income failed you? Surely most people, at some time in their lives, indulge in the sadly sweet speculation. My father had a wayward, artistic genius, and kept up his spirits in times of business depression with the thought that if all else failed he could earn a few stray coppers by illustrating current events on the paving stones. For myself, I must confess to having read with considerable interest the articles by "Winifred," on "Tea Gardens," in some earlier issues of this magazine. A journalist's life is notoriously uncertain, and when the readers of THE QUIVER tire of their Editor it will be a source of considerable satisfaction to have some other occupation to turn one's hand to. True, I am not a woman, and "The Women's Work Bureau" was not intended for the mere man. Still, I am fascinated with the Tea Gardens idea. I have had considerable experience of restaurant food and tea-garden fare, and I ought to be able to bring to the business the experience of one who has travelled much and suffered many things. I am taking secret lessons in tea and coffee making, and, whilst I must confess to one or two failures, I am still spurred on by the knowledge that no one has such a critical appreciation of a good cup of coffee as I have. The choosing of the furniture and fittings would be a

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delight, the planning and working of the garden a source of endless pleasure. The situation of the tea gardens would, of course, be ideal, and the rent of the cottage absurdly nominal.

Drawbacks

OF course, I suppose there are some drawbacks to the scheme that time might reveal. My own personal share in the work is a somewhat hazy part at present. A young and pretty waitress would have to be employed for waiting at table; it hardly seems suitable for the proprietor of the establishment to spend his time washing up, whilst I have a constitutional horror of cleaning knives. Then the financial part of the scheme has not been considered at all. Maybe there are some days when it rains unexpectedly, and food and milk are left on your hands. Then there is the winter time—Perhaps, after all, I had better stick to editing.

The Quest of Happiness

IS it not curious that when we formulate our ideas of an ideal employment it is usually something entirely remote from our ordinary everyday occupations? In other words, we think something else must be ideal—because we know precious little about it! Oh, the deceptiveness of imagination! Here, on a hot day at the office, we sigh for a vision of green fields and cooling streams, and—dare one confess it?—many a man on holiday bent has secretly sighed to be back on his office stool, and many a woman has tried to repress the longing to be home again. The Kodak people offer a lot of prizes for snapshots of Happy Moments. Would it be too much a surprise if the winning photo simply depicted a man or woman at work? In work lies true happiness; we all know it—but we need the more highly-coloured delights of a holiday to enable us to realise the truth afresh.

A Tea Garden Story

SPEAKING of tea gardens reminds me that the first story of my September number deals with two young ladies who start a tea garden. One of them is an heiress, and there are two men concerned, so that I can promise interesting developments. It is called "Ensnaring Lady Annabel," and the author is Miss Eva Bretherton.

Abolishing Housekeeping

THOUSANDS of mothers and thousands of single women will, during this month, sigh over the burden of housekeeping and the worry of the servants. Is it necessary for every small family to have an establishment of its own? Could not one kitchen fire cook the dinners of twenty people instead of three or four? Now that, in the business and social world, combination and co-operation are the order of the day, cannot we combine with our housekeeping? Yes; "co-operative housekeeping" is already being tried, and is bound to be heard of a great deal in the future. An article on the subject, in my next issue, tells of what is actually being done, and what it costs. "Co-operative Housekeeping" is written by Miss Beatrice Tilly, and is illustrated with photographs.

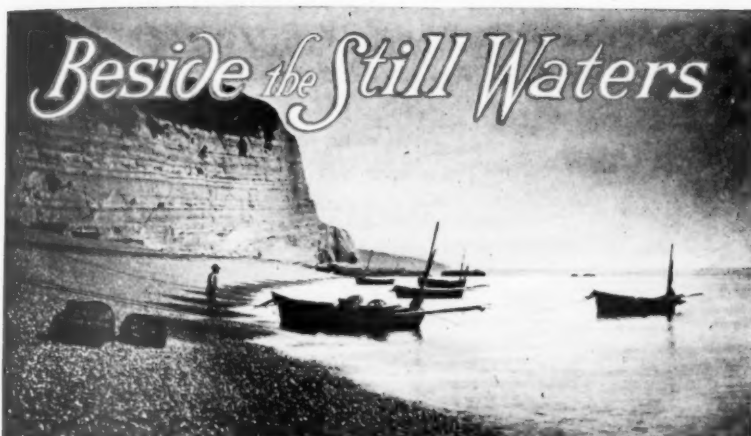
Ella Wheeler Wilcox

MOST of us have read, and have been cheered and delighted by, the short poems signed "Ella Wheeler Wilcox." Beyond the fact that she is an American writer, few of my readers know her personal history and why she came to write these cheering messages of love and hope. Miss Amy B. Barnard, L.L.A., has had a special interview with Mrs. Wilcox, and has written it up for the September number. Mrs. Wilcox has kindly consented to be specially photographed for this article.

Christ and Socialism

SOCIALISM looms large on the horizon. We may hail it with delight, or regard it with horror and dread, but we must admit that its teachings are influencing large numbers at the present time. What has the religion of Jesus Christ to say about Socialism? Is the teaching of Jesus sufficiently living and elastic to give us guidance and direction on the problem of the modern social order; and, if so, what has that teaching to say about Socialism? These interesting questions are dealt with in an article which Dr. A. E. Garvie, the Principal of New College, London, has written for my September number, under the title, "Christ and Socialism."

The Editor



The Sundial

IN a garden planned with care
In a day gone by,
Stands a sundial quaint and old,
Looking at the sky.
And around its grey old face—
There among the flowers—
Is this motto carved: "I count
None but sunny hours."

Oh, you grey philosopher,
With your motto true!
Hear me make a solemn vow
To be brave as you—
Be life's weather what it may,
Sunny days or showers,
Memory shall register
"None but sunny hours."

—E. S. TILLOTSON.



The Gain of Sweetness

DO not think unkind thoughts, even of those who have injured you; be sweet to the very core of your being; the gain is great, not only to yourself, but to everyone with whom you come in contact. The sunshine and sweet fragrance of your presence will comfort many, and blessings manifold will be yours. The "daily round" must bring constantly vexations and annoyances, and it must be the looking beyond, the looking up, that will give the right perspective and right value, and prevent a wrong estimate and its consequent burden.—EMILY RIDGWAY.



IN practice the great end is that the love of God may become the habit of

my soul, and particularly these things are to be sought: (1) The spirit of love; (2) of self-sacrifice; (3) of purity; (4) of energy.
—W. E. GLADSTONE.



The Abiding Presence

WE have often to travel solitary ways. Some of us have perplexed paths to tread. Some of us have sad memories of times when we journeyed in company with those who will never share our tent or counsel our steps any more, and, as we sit lonely by our watch-fire in the wilderness, we have aching hearts and silent nights.

Some of us may be as yet rich in companions and helpers whose words are wisdom, whose wishes are love to us, and may tremble to think that after a while they or we shall have to tramp on by ourselves. There is a Presence which never departs, which moves before us as we journey, and hovers over us as a shield when we rest; a cloud to veil the sun that it smite us not by day, and a pillar of flame as the night falls, being ever brightest when we need it most, and burning clearest of all in the valley at the end, where its guidance will only cease because then "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne will lead them."—REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.



SACRIFICE properly describes not loss to man, but devotion to God; not suffering, but dedication; not the forgoing of that which we might have enjoyed, but the conversion of that which was offered to

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us for a time into an eternal possession ; the investment of things unstable and fleeting with a power of unchangeable joy.—
BISHOP WESTCOTT.

Divine Forgetting

WERE it not for this divine forgetting, few of us could bear life. One can recall only the fact of suffering, never the suffering itself. When a sorrow is once healed it leaves only a tender memory, to come back, perhaps, in many a twilight hour, with tears from which the bitterness has been distilled. Slowly, too, by the wonderful magic of the years, unknown joys reveal themselves and stand before us, as though risen from the dead. At such and such a time we were happy, but we did not know it. In the midst of sorrow the joy comes back, not reproachfully, but to beckon us on, with clearer sight, to those which lie on the path beyond.—MYRTLE REED.

A High Ideal

*I LIVE for those that hate me,
For those who think me false,
For the trials that await me,
For all the world counts loss.
For the man of lust and passion,
For the man of wealth and fashion,
For all who need compassion
In the battle of the Cross.*

—A. H. FORBES.

The Value of Appreciation

TO know that we are a disappointment to our friends has a paralysing effect on our energies, and there are many people in the world who have failed simply from want of encouragement and appreciation. We feel it our duty to find fault where blame is merited, but are not nearly so careful to acknowledge work well done, or to show gratitude for services willingly performed. . . . It is the dumb, silent folk who most appreciate warm-hearted words and actions. What a much brighter world it would be if we were more generous in this respect ; how happy we might make our friends if we gave them the benefit of our loving thoughts instead of locking them tightly in our own breasts.—JESSIE DE HORNE VAIZEY.

TRUE courage is not incompatible with nervousness ; and heroism does not mean the absence of fear, but the conquest of it.—VAN DYKE.

Sympathy

A HEART must be "at leisure from itself," to enter into the joyousness of the glad-hearted. A gift straight from the Father's hand is sympathy, and a gift which goes on blessing those on whom it is expended and even seeks out for itself little wayside deserts on which to pour its fructifying waters. Those who have experienced in the hour of stress and sorrow—in the height of the storm—the warm and consoling light and deliverance which sympathy from a friend can give, will offer thanks to God for one of the most beautiful of His gifts.—
EMILY RIDGWAY.

THEREFORE, come what may, hold fast to love. We win by tenderness, we conquer by forgiveness.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

THERE is a great deal of social good to be done in putting down gossip, in preventing misunderstandings, and in keeping friends with everybody.—JOWETT.

The Night

IT was a glorious night. . . . It seems so full of comfort and of strength, the night. In its great presence our small sorrows creep away, ashamed. The day has been so full of fret and care, and our hearts have been so full of evil and of bitter thoughts, and the world has seemed so hard and wrong to us. . . . Sometimes our pain is very deep and real, and we stand before her very silent, because there is no language for our pain, only a moan. Night's heart is full of pity for us : she cannot ease our aching ; she takes our hand in hers and the world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and, borne on her dark wings, we pass for a moment into a Mightier Presence than her own, and in the wondrous light of that great Presence all human life lies like a book before us, and we know that Pain and Sorrow are but the Angels of God.—
JEROME K. JEROME.

THE saddest thing in the world is to feel that we are alone ; the best thing in the world is to feel that we are loved and needed.—A. C. BENSON.

[Selection contributed by Miss Petrie, Todmorden.]



Piz Palu and Piz Cambrena, Switzerland.

Photo: G. R. Hall & Co.

HOLIDAY SCENES

MOSTLY IN FOREIGN PARTS



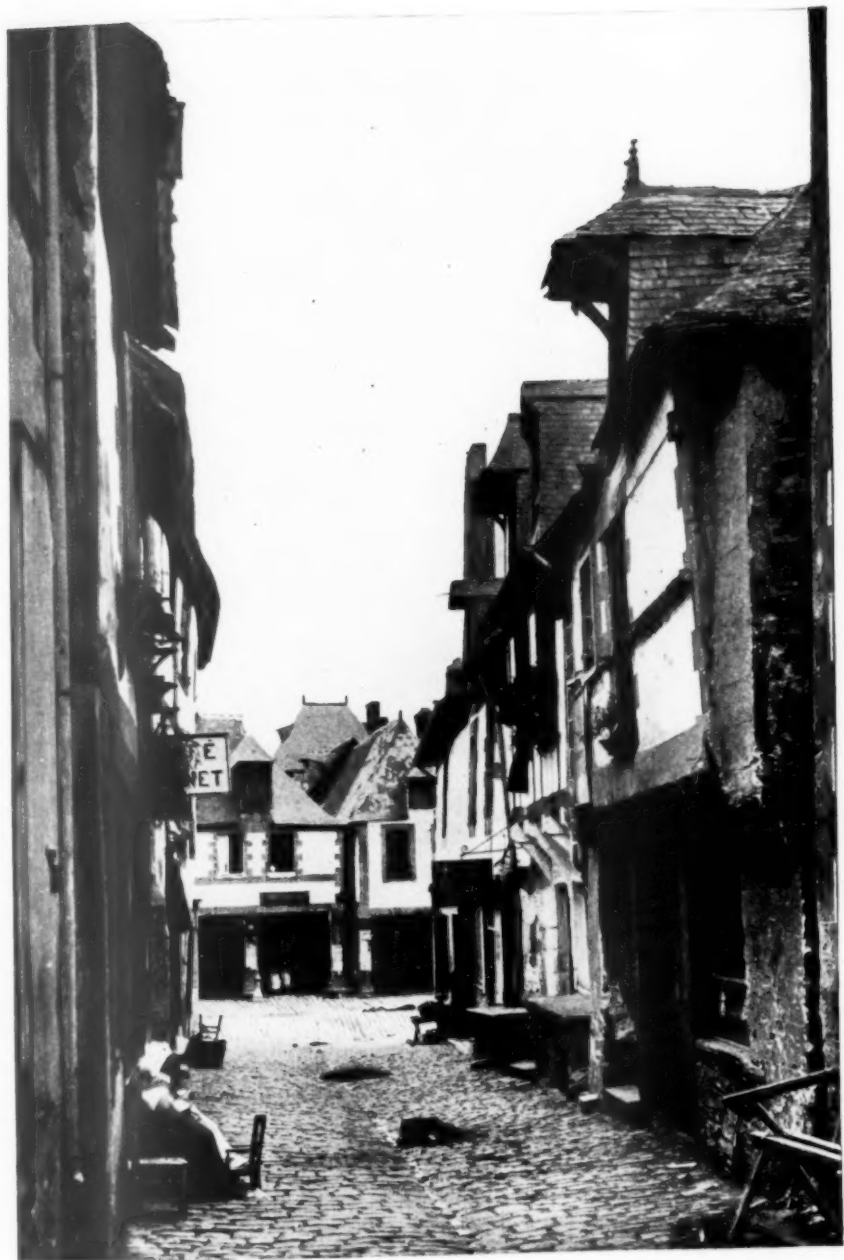
A Scene in Oporto.

Photo: A. W. Cutler.



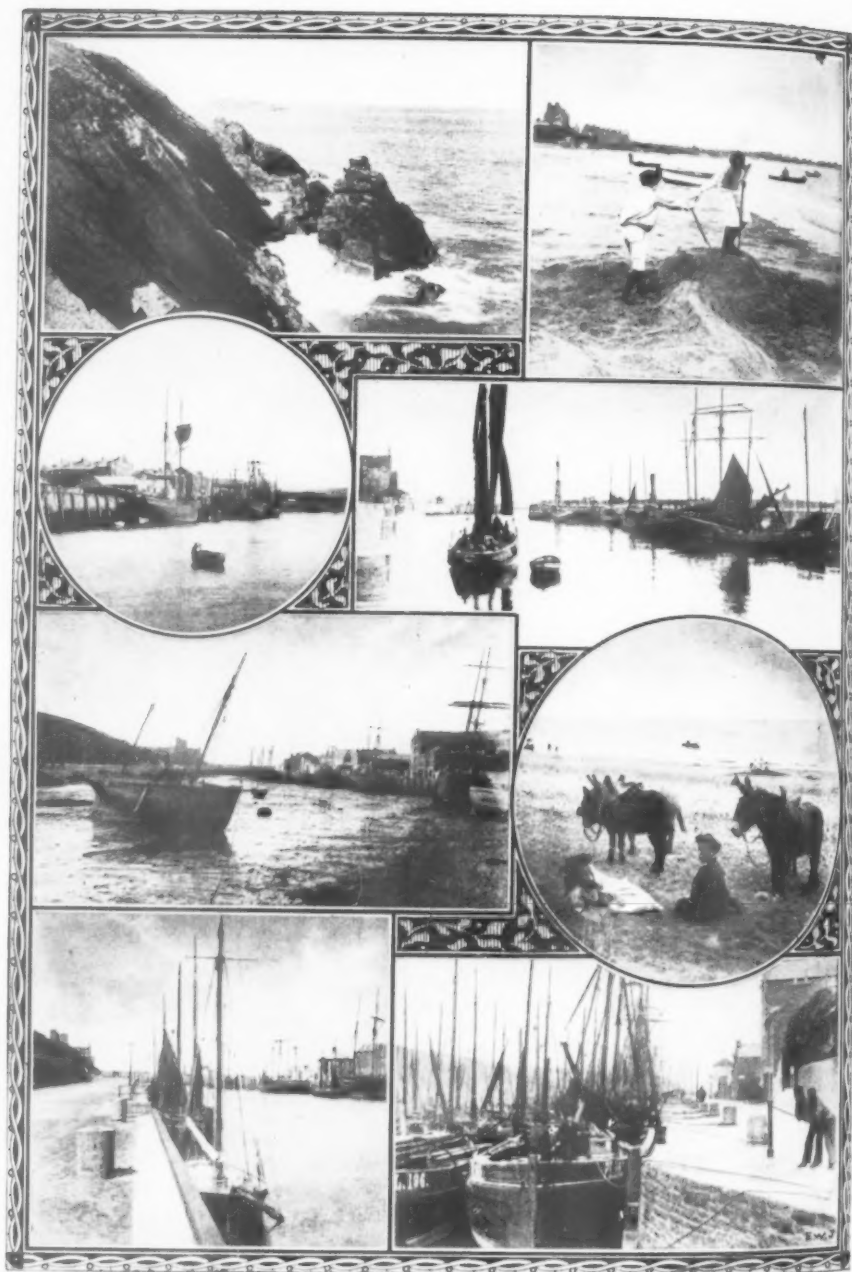
Two Natives of Evolina
(Where the ancient Swiss costumes are still in vogue).

Photo:
D. McLeish.



A Quaint Street
in Ancient Brittany.

Photo:
J. Gale.



Some Seaside Studies
From North Wales and the Isle of Man.

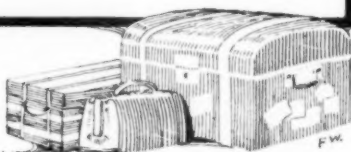
Photos:
E. W. Jenkins.



The Home Department

WHAT TO EAT AND DRINK IN HOT WEATHER

By
BLANCHE ST. CLAIR



AUGUST, the holiday month, has arrived, bringing with it, I trust, refreshing change of scene and surroundings to my readers. For a brief space of time the ordinary routine of the daily round is suspended, and to take rest (in whatever form most commends itself to the individual), combined with acquiring a store of replenished good health, is the hope and aim of us all. Even if funds do not permit of the holiday month being spent at the seaside or in the country, we can make August a season different from other times of the year. Strenuous dusting and house cleaning can be reduced by eliminating unnecessary ornaments and work-making brass, silver, and copper appointments, and putting away delicate draperies and other household fittings. The doors and windows can then stand wide open without any fear of our belongings being attacked by that dreadful beauty destroyer, dust, and the children can have free run of the house without irksome regulations and restrictions.

The food question is, like the proverbial poor, always with us, and at this season holiday makers, whether old or young, expect to relax the strictly wholesome, though not always congenial, diet usually considered right and proper for them. Mother's presence, however, is not willingly spared for the performance of culinary duties, and it is my object in this article to suggest dishes that can either be prepared several hours in advance, or left, to a great extent, to cook themselves.

The two best times for cooking in hot weather are the early morning, either before or directly after breakfast, and in the cool of the evening. I do not mean that you

are to don your apron and spend the evening in the kitchen. By "evening cooking" I refer to those dishes which can be prepared and placed in the oven, or over a slow fire, after supper is over, and which will slowly cook themselves without more attention than a very occasional glance until bed-time.

The contents of pan or jar can then remain just as they are until next day, when a short hour will suffice to thoroughly heat up the meal.

Steamed mutton is one of these convenient dishes.

Take a strong, enamel-lined saucepan, spread the bottom of it thickly with clarified dripping, then place a layer of small Spanish onions in. On the top of these lay a small leg of mutton (or half a shoulder), filling up the spaces round with peeled and cut-up turnips. Season with pepper and salt, but do not add any moisture—the liquor out of the onions will be quite sufficient. Cover the pan tightly, and let the contents cook for three hours. The lid should not be lifted, but the pan should be shaken occasionally in order that the onions or meat do not adhere to the pan and burn. To serve, lift the meat on to a hot dish, place the vegetables round, thicken the gravy with a little cornflour, and pour over the meat or serve in a separate tureen.

The hot roast joints which are so warmly welcomed in the winter do not meet with much approval in the hot weather, but many people consider that meat should not be entirely cut out of the menu. A savoury vegetable stuffing, one which imparts new and appetising flavours to the commonplace joint, is recommended to "help down" the necessary nourishment.

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Try a breast of mutton cooked in this way:

Choose a plump breast, not too fat, take off the skin, and remove the bones. Lay the meat on a board, and with a pastry roller beat it as flat as possible. Make a stuffing of onions and sage (just the same as for a duck), and spread the mixture over the meat, leaving a space of one and a half inches all round. Roll the meat and bind it into a neat shape; then place in a hot, greased baking tin, with some clarified dripping. Cook in a hot oven for about twice as long as you would have roasted the unstuffed joint, basting very frequently. To serve, take off the binding tape. If eaten hot, pour thick brown gravy over; if cold, send to table with a salad.

This recipe for another good stuffed roll was given to me by a Dutch lady, and the dish is greatly liked by those who try it:

Buy a piece of beefsteak weighing about 2 lb. It should be thick and as square as possible. Roll it in a cloth for half an hour before it is prepared for cooking. Peel four large sour apples and divide each into quarters, extracting the cores. If the pieces are too thick, divide them again. With a very sharp knife make as many incisions in the beef as you have pieces of apple, and press a piece of fruit in each. Bind the meat in order that the apple may not come out, brush it over with melted butter, and roll in fine breadcrumbs. Wrap in greased paper and cook in a moderate oven for two hours. This is as far as most people carry out the original recipe, but the Dutch housewife serves the dish cold, with a layer of thick cream spread over the meat and a generous sprinkling of nuts added.

Now for some cold dishes which can be prepared early in the day and served for dinner or supper.

Macaroni Pie

Break 6 oz. of macaroni into small pieces and throw them into a saucepan of fast-boiling salted water. Cook for fifteen minutes, then drain, throw into cold water, and drain again. This is called "blanching" macaroni. Mince 10 oz. of any cold meat (a mixture of two or three different kinds can be used with advantage), add two hard-boiled eggs cut into slices, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and season with pepper and salt. Grease a basin, line it with bread-

crumbs, and fill with alternate layers of meat, macaroni, and grated cheese. Add a little good stock or gravy, and put a layer of breadcrumbs on top. Bake in a slow oven for forty minutes. If you happen to be making pastry, line the basin with a thin layer (after the breadcrumbs are in), and cover the contents with paste. To serve, turn out on to a dish and garnish with parsley.

A Russian salad is generally much liked by children, who can often be tempted by a pretty dish when cold meat and a salad served separately would evoke no enthusiasm.

A Russian salad proper contains pieces of chicken, lobster, anchovies, and other delectable delicacies, but a very good everyday edition is made as follows:

Wash and thoroughly dry a large crisp lettuce, peel and slice $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of small round tomatoes, hard-boil two eggs and cut them into slices, wash and dress a bunch of small radishes, and prepare a bunch of watercress. If liked, two or three spring onions can be finely sliced and added.

Divide whatever meat you are going to use into dice. The dressing is a thin mayonnaise, of which $\frac{1}{2}$ pint can be prepared, and what is not required put into a bottle for further use. The directions for making same are as follows:

Put the yolks of two eggs into a basin with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt, the same amount of made mustard and pepper. Add a pinch of sugar, and mix all together with a wooden spoon. To these add, *drop by drop*, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of good olive oil. If the oil does not blend with the other ingredients, but remains in little globules, it means that you are adding it too quickly, and to remedy this stir for a little while without adding more. When all the oil is used, stir in a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar and one of chilli or malt vinegar.

It is impossible to make satisfactory mayonnaise in a hot kitchen. All the ingredients should be as chilled as possible, and it is a good plan to let the cold-water tap run into the basin for several minutes before it is used for mixing the dressing.

Pour a little of the mixture into a saucer and toss the meat about in it until lightly coated with mayonnaise. Tear the lettuce leaves into small pieces and put them into a salad bowl with the meat, tomatoes, eggs,

THE HOME DEPARTMENT

radishes, watercress, and onions. Add two or three tablespoonfuls of dressing, and toss the contents of the bowl with two large forks. This salad should not be mixed until just before it is to be eaten, because the dressing soon renders the vegetables sodden. Any cold vegetables, potatoes, peas, beans, cauliflower, etc., can be added—the greater the variety, the better the dish.

Savoury Apples

The large green apples now in season are ideal for this dish.

Peel as many apples as are required, and take out the cores, making a rather large opening and leaving a little piece of fruit at the bottom of the cavity. Make a stuffing of breadcrumbs soaked in milk, a little minced ham or other cold meat seasoned with pepper, salt and chopped parsley. Fill the spaces with the mixture, and bake the apples in a quick oven for half an hour, basting with a little butter.

Stuffed Potatoes

If the children want to take dinner out they will be delighted with these novel picnic dumplings.

Bake as many potatoes as are required in the oven, and when cooked remove the ends and scoop out the insides. Mince up a little cold meat, and mix with it some parsley, grated lemon peel, pepper, and salt. Cold cooked fish or hard-boiled eggs with a little grated cheese makes a good substitute for meat. Add the mashed potatoes, and moisten with gravy. Fill the skins with the stuffing, and stand them in a baking dish upright. Cook for twenty minutes. The potatoes should be quite cold before they are packed separately in grease-proof paper.

A New Kind of Rice Pudding

Wash 3 tablespoonfuls of rice, and simmer it in $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of milk till tender. Add 1 oz. of butter, and sugar to taste. Beat up the whites and yolks of two eggs separately, and add the yolks, with a little cinnamon, to the rice. Lastly, work in the whites, and grease some baking cups. Put a slice of candied peel at the bottom of each, fill three-quarters full with the rice mixture, and bake for three-quarters of an hour in a slow oven. Turn out on to a glass dish, and when cold surround with fruit juice or a boiled custard.

Some Cool Drinks for Hot Weather

If you are having friends to tea on a very hot afternoon, some of them may prefer iced instead of hot tea. Allow a teaspoonful of tea to each $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water. Scald a large jug, put in the tea, pour the requisite amount of boiling water over, cover closely, and let the tea draw for five minutes. At the end of this time strain off the liquor from the leaves and stand it in a cold place until required. To serve, put two lumps of sugar into a glass (not, of course, for those persons who like their tea unsweetened), half-fill with finely crushed ice, add a slice of lemon, and fill up with tea.

Mock Coffee

Take some coarse oatmeal and moisten with sufficient water to form into cakes. Roll out thinly and place on a baking sheet. Cook in a slow oven until the oatmeal is the colour of a coffee bean. Put one or two cakes, according to size, into a jug, and pour a pint of cold water over. At the end of two hours strain off the liquor and use it either hot or cold. Invalids forbidden to drink coffee are often permitted by the doctor to take this nourishing and delicious drink.

Home-brewed Ginger Beer

Boil 5 oz. of bruised ginger in 1 gal. of water for half an hour, then add 5 lb. of white granulated sugar, 4 liquid oz. (1 gill) of strained lemon juice, 4 oz. of honey, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ gals. of water. Strain through a cloth. When cold add the white of an egg and $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. (1 dessertspoonful) of lemon essence. Let the mixture stand for four days, then bottle and cork.

Rice Water—a Very Refreshing Drink

Put 1 lb. of rice and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of raisins into 4 quarts of water, and boil very gently for three-quarters of an hour. Strain, add a little lemon juice, and keep in a cold place. Dilute if too thick.

Home-made Lemonade Powder

This quantity is enough for sixteen large glasses, or 4 quarts, of lemonade:

Put $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of castor sugar through a fine sieve, also 1 oz. of bicarbonate of soda and 1 oz. of tartaric acid. Mix well, and add 4 drops of oil of lemon. Keep in a corked bottle in a dry place.

THE WOMEN'S WORK BUREAU

Conducted by "WINIFRED"

This Advisory Bureau advises girls and women as to the best course to pursue with regard to their work, training for a definite calling, etc.

There are no fees, but those requiring any information must enclose 6d. postal order (which should be crossed), and a stamped envelope, when a reply will be sent them by post. Address all communications to "Winifred," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

NURSING.—II

THERE are many different branches of the nursing profession, and sometimes a woman feels attracted by one more than another. Amongst these may be mentioned Poor Law or State Hospitals, Municipal Nursing in London, Military Nursing, Naval Nursing, Territorial Nursing, Mental, Private, District, Colonial, Convalescent, Maternity, etc. Nurses are also employed by the Local Government Board, Metropolitan Asylums Board, and the Education Department, L.C.C. (School Nurses), so that it will be seen that there is ample choice as to which branch of the work the nurse will take up. In connection with mental nursing I may say that only a week or two ago I read the report of an important committee which said that they had advertised for a mental nurse (female) and had not received one reply. It was therefore agreed that a higher salary be offered.

I hope in time to deal with all these different branches, for the various letters I get prove to me how popular the nurse's calling is, and how eager people are to learn all about it.

Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service

Candidates must be of British parentage, be between twenty-five and thirty-five, possess a certificate of three years' training and service in medical and surgical nursing in a civil hospital of not less than 100 beds, and the Board has also to be satisfied as to the social status, education, and general fitness of the candidate for the position.

Salaries range from £40 for a staff nurse, rising to £45; from £50 for a sister, rising to £65; from £75 for a matron, rising to £150; principal matron, £175, rising to £205; matron in chief, £305, rising to £350. In

addition, an allowance of 15s. a week at home, and 21s. a week abroad, is granted to each member for board and washing. Furnished quarters and uniform are provided. Among the advantages of this branch of nursing may be mentioned—"There are provisions for annual leave of absence, for pay during such leave, as well as during leave on account of injury or sickness, and for pension on voluntary retirement on completion of twenty years' service, or on compulsory retirement at the age of fifty-five."

Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service

This consists of three grades—head, superintending, and nursing sisters. Candidates must produce certificates of training (for three years at least) from a large civil hospital. The limits of age are twenty-five to thirty-five. Salaries (in addition to furnished quarters, uniform, fuel, light) are: for head sisters, £130 to £160; for superintending sisters, £70 to £100; for sisters, £40 to £65. There is an allowance of 15s. a week in lieu of board, and for the washing of personal linen. Those who wish to apply should write to the Director-General, Medical Department, Admiralty, Whitehall, S.W. It may be added that foreign service is obligatory.

The following considerations will carry weight in the selection of candidates: "Training in a hospital of the first rank having a first-class school for nurses attached. Subsequent experience on the staff of a recognised hospital. Favourable reports by the matron under whom the candidate has been trained. Evidence of the possession of administrative capacity and power to impart knowledge to others, as the duties performed include part of the training of

THE WOMEN'S WORK BUREAU

the sick-berth staff, i.e. of male nurses. Evidence of general fitness to take charge of wards in Naval Hospitals immediately under the medical officers."

There is also Queen Alexandra's Military Nursing Service for India, India Office, S.W. Candidates must be between twenty-seven and thirty-two, and have had three years' training at a British general hospital. A pension is given according to service, and various grants in addition to salary.

Children's Hospitals

This branch of nursing is, for obvious reasons, popular. For one thing, a probationer can enter at twenty or twenty-one, and the children's nurse gains a complete knowledge of the treatment and feeding of infants and of all diseases to which children are liable up to the age of twelve. The course lasts for two or three years, and the nursing is both surgical and medical. The would-be nurse can hardly employ her time better than in entering a hospital for children prior to going to a general hospital, as the knowledge thus gained, in view of the many openings for nurses to children nowadays, is of inestimable value.

Municipal Nursing in London

There are various openings for "school nurses," who must have a three years' training certificate. It is fatiguing though healthy work, and as uniform is not provided, this and boots are an important item of expenditure.

Elementary School Nursing

The schools are visited with the doctor, and there is some home visiting. Part uniform given. Hours, 9 to 5, with an hour off for dinner. Salary, £80 to £90. Apply Miss Pearce, L.C.C. Offices, Victoria Embankment, E.C.

Physically Defective School Nurses

The duties include fetching the children to school in an ambulance, giving out dinners, regulating the exercises and games during the dinner interval. No uniform is given, but it is required both indoors and out. Hours, 8.30 to 5, with half an hour interval. Salary, £80 to £90. Apply Mr. Chard, Fitzalan House, Victoria Embankment, S.W.

Open Air School Nurses

Apply as to the above. Salary the same. Hours, 7 to 7, and half-day on Saturday.



"THE QUIVER" GUILD OF HOME WORKERS

THE following are new members of the Guild. "Winifred" hopes that readers will keep the list for reference and use:

25. Drawn-thread work. Orders solicited. Door buffers, 1s. each. (Invalid. Miss B., Wimborne.)

26. Needlework. Gents' shirts—specialty. Knitting. Crochet. (Miss L., Norbury.)

27. Home-made jams, etc. Needlework. Repairs, renovations. (Miss C., Lydd.)

28. Plain needlework. Darning, renovations. (Miss G., Wallington.)

29. Paying guests at Winchester. (Miss R., Winchester.)

30. Drawn thread. Crochet. (Miss H., Southampton.)

31. Knitting golf coats. *Broderie anglaise*. Painting. (Miss M., Annan.)

32. Pen painting. Oils. China painting. (Mrs. W., Berks.)

RULES

The rules of the Guild are as follows:

1. Any reader who is a bona fide home worker—i.e. does not work for the trade, or earn a living by her work—is eligible.

2. The annual subscription is one shilling.

3. A register is kept in which the names and addresses of all Guild members are inserted, together with particulars of the kind of work they undertake, or, if employers, the kind of work they offer.

4. "Winifred" reserves the right of refusing membership to any applicant at her own discretion.

5. Each member of the Guild has a number, and the numbers will be published monthly in the magazine.

Replies to notices must be enclosed in a blank, stamped, unfastened envelope, with the Guild number at the left top corner. This must be placed in another envelope addressed to "Winifred," who will forward the letter to its destination.

The Companionship Pages



*How, When and
Where Corner,
August, 1913*

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

I have so many interesting letters you will want to see this month that I must not take up much time with my own chatter. But I must tell the smaller folks about some kittens I was watching yesterday, and give a competition subject.

I went to a little cottage near my home yesterday, and was asked by the old lady who lives there if I would care to see her Persian kittens. So I went in, and soon the three tiny fluffy things were on exhibition. Two are blue Persians, and the third is quite black. They are ten weeks old, and have bright blue eyes.

I really had a jolly quarter of an hour in watching them. Their poor mother was a valuable cat, a fine blue Persian. But, alas! when her babies were but ten days old, she went adventuring on the main road opposite her cottage home, and was run over and killed by a passing motor-car. The babies were fortunate in their kind mistress, happily, and in another friend.

Pussies' Foster Father

In the same cottage lives another cat, a big half-Persian. He adopted the little motherless pussies immediately, and is so good to them. He washes them two or three times a day, plays the merriest of games with them, and seems to do all he can to

make them grow up in the way they should. I watched him roll flat on the floor, catch up the wee kittens, lick them all over, pat them and play with them most joyfully. I did wish I had a camera to take a snapshot for you.

On the previous Sunday the three kittens had had an adventure. A dish of bread and gravy had been prepared for their dinner, and put in the shed for them to have while the mistress rested a while after her own meal. When she went to see if they were all right, oh, such a sight was awaiting her! The imps had let the gravy get quite cold, and the fat settle, and then all three had rolled in it! Such a pickle they were in! Imagine their long fur all greasy and matted. Well, they had to suffer a thorough washing at her hands, and an extra hard licking from Mr. Adopted Father!

Isn't it heroic of the old cat? I hope the three will grow up worthily.

Now perhaps you younger folk will skip the next paragraph, and go on to the letters. I shall not mind one bit if you do.

In one of my favourite story books, the writer says of his heroine that "her face began to reflect the freshness of Easter lilies." And then he goes on:

"For prayer will in time make the human countenance its own divinest altar; years upon years of true thoughts, like ceaseless music shut up within, will vibrate along the nerves of expression, until the lines of the living instrument are drawn into correspondence, and the harmony of visible form matches the unheard harmonies of the mind."

THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

I want each of you to read and re-read that passage, and get the inner meaning of it well into your minds. Some day, perhaps, I will write more about the idea that lies inside it, but now I simply want to ask each to try to realise this: That just as your body is what it is, as to quality and fitness through the food it has, so your mind—the you that matters most—is built up beautifully or otherwise according to the food it receives. As someone puts it: "What you think, you become."

And I see so many boys and girls of fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, and older years, just living, mentally, on poor food—poor stories, poor pictures, silly stuff, that I feel I should like to warn them of what they are risking. And I do want all my Companions, boys and girls, to build well for themselves. That's all for now. Tell me your thoughts about this sort of building, and I will give a prize to the first one to find out the book and tell me exactly where my quotation comes in.

Letters from Many Places

"MY DEAR ALISON," writes *Ida Parker* (New Zealand), "I suppose you are beginning to think that I am one of those 'Lost, Stolen or Strayed' beings, but I shall have to be forgiven this time. I am at present attending the Hamilton High School, which is about ten miles from here, so that I am obliged to go by train (I hope you are not thinking that this is the only one in this district, for there are two primary schools near, and also a High School in Cambridge). All the train children have a free pass. Our school is like two very large concrete houses joined together. On the outside its appearance is of a reddish coloured brick, but inside the walls are all tiled over, as smooth as glass. There are seven very big class rooms besides two small porches. All that we see of the boys is in school and in the train. Their playgrounds are in two paddocks, and ours is a big green lawn in front of the school. They are separated by a high, thick wall. The boys play at cricket, and we have tennis and croquet."

"The school children will soon be having a nice holiday to see the great battleship *New Zealand* (free). I hope to have a fine time. I have a friend in England whose name is Mabel Bardsley. Has she joined the Corner? How are our Three getting on? There is not much news this time, so good-bye, with best love."

Gladys also writes me a letter, and asks: "Are we supposed to send our photos to you?"

It is a pleasure to me to receive your photographs, as some of you know, and I should like to have one of each of my Companions.

Birds in Jamaica

You will be interested in this letter from Jamaica. *Marie Da Costa* writes:

"DEAR ALISON,—It is a very long time since I

have written to you, but I am kept very busy at school, and hardly find time to write, except on Saturdays. I am going to tell you a little about our wild birds. We have quite a variety of them. The nightingale is our best songster; he generally sings on moonlight nights. The nightingales' nests are built chiefly of prickles, and their eggs are of a speckled blue. In certain parts of the island canaries are quite wild: some are yellow, others a greenish tinge; they cannot sing. Woodpeckers are very interesting birds; they build their nests in the trunks of trees, their beaks being so sharp that they are able to peck and peck until a deep hole is made. The banana birds are very pretty, but they do destroy our oranges and other fruits. We also have a Robin Redbreast; its nest is to be found in the ground, near bank sides. Another good songster is the Barbary Dove; there is a superstition which says that these doves are unlucky birds to keep; it is said that their coo says 'When Massa dead the cow head spoil'; their colour is a greyish-brown. Some other birds we have out here are doctor birds, humming birds, blackbirds, baldpates, and lapwings. I went for a lovely sea bath on Saturday. Seventeen of us went, so you can imagine what a jolly time we all had together. We have good bathing places out here. At the beginning of the year I was moved up into a higher Form. There are thirty-two of us in it. I have got two new members, *Elsie Da Costa* and *Louille Estcoffery*. I hope I will get some more soon. I enclose 6d. for the Fund. With love and all good wishes."

Dorothy Crossley is a new member in Rhodesia, South Africa:

"DEAR ALISON,—Mother has taken in THE QUIVER for some time, and I have been wanting to join your Corner, but she thought I was too young. Selukwe is a tiny little town in the middle of hills, and is very pretty. Bulawayo is 137 miles from here, and Salisbury 212. Cape Town is about 1,600 miles. The late Mr. Rhodes' grave I have seen in the Matopopo Hills. I am quite glad to be able to help three or four little children, and I am sending 5s. for the Fund and 1s. for badge, and the coupon and penny stamp. I have five cats, and I am going to have a dog and a canary. I shall be glad to get a letter from you soon.—Your little friend, Dorothy."

Dorothy is eight years old, and an excellent writer. I am looking forward to some most interesting accounts of her life in Africa; are not you?

Notes and News from other Friends

Martha Reid is another of our younger Companions who sent a contribution to the Fund. And *Frances Smith* (Lytham) enclosed a little note from her sister *Gladys*, whom we are glad to welcome into membership. She is nine. They each sent a gift to the Fund. *Gladys* says her mother and sister and she were all born in New Zealand, and *Frances* says about Auckland:

"It has big buildings like London, but the traffic is not so busy. It has big shops just the same, and parks. I must close now, but I want to ask you the name of a girl to write to. Thank you for enrolling me as a member."

Edith Vician (age 13) joins us at Sunderland, and writes:

THE QUIVER

"I would very much like to join the H.W.W.C. I have just recovered from a slight attack of scarlet fever, and very much enjoyed reading the letters. I think it is a very good idea to have the nice letters from Companions printed. I am going away for ten weeks' holiday with mother and my sister to Askrigg, which is a pretty little village in Yorkshire, and also to Harrogate, where my grandma and grandpa live. I will help in any way I can. Do you think making and selling toffee would do? I have done that way to get missionary money, and I made 2d. in the 1s., as mother supplied the butter. With love."

Toffee-making has helped our Fund already, as I told Edith. We wish her success in her business for our Fund.

Betty McCandlish wrote from Ilford:

"DEAR ALISON,—For quite a long time now I have wanted to join the H.W.W.C., and at last I have made up my mind to do so—that is, if you will have me for a Companion. I have been reading the Companionship Pages for some months, and always turn there first, and this month, when I read about Philip Lawrence, I simply could not be left out any longer, so I had to join. I think the Scheme is splendid, and will try and help as much as I can. I like reading the other Companions' letters very much, they are so interesting, especially those from abroad. I quite feel as if I know some of them. I am trying to get my two sisters to join the Corner, and I do hope I shall be successful. I think I shall."

We shall all watch for Betty's sisters' coming, and hope we soon shall have a strong Group in Ilford. Betty is sixteen.

"DEAR ALISON," writes *Netta Martin* (Lochwinnoch), "I am *Blanche's* friend, and she has told me all about the H.W.W.C., and I would like to join very much, if I might. I think it is just lovely to keep these children, and I am sure I will help in any way I can. I am sorry my letter is so short, but it will be longer next time."

Netta is eleven.

With this note there was a jolly letter from *Blanche*. This is what she says:

"DEAR ALISON,—Thank you very much for your nice letter; it was very kind of you to write to me. *Netta* says she is writing to you, so we are going to put our two letters together, and then that will be a penny saved, and, of course, it will go to the Fund. You asked me what the secret was. Well, it is this: We had a concert in aid of our Fund, and we got some of our friends to help, and others to come and listen. There was a collection, but nobody need give more than a penny, if they liked, but they all gave more. Altogether we got five and threepence. That was not bad for a little village where we have so few friends, was it? *Netta* and I are great friends, and someone, for fun, says, 'You never see one without the other,' and she always calls us 'the twins.' I am very small for my age, and *Netta* is very big, so we are almost the same size. We have a garden each, and we saved up our money and got plants and seeds, and when the flowers come up we are going to sell them and send the money to you. The kind of competitions I like are to write stories and to draw flowers. But I really like any, I think. Don't

you think it would be nice to give badges as prizes? Your loving Companion, *BLANCHE*."

I must think about your suggestion, *Blanche*, but one thing I do know, that it will be fragrant money that comes through your little gardens. I am delighted with the briskness you and *Netta* have shown so soon in our work together, and thank you and your friends. It is splendid to have so much as the result of your concert.

Agnes Graham (age 13) lives at *Stoneykirk*, near *Stranraer*. She writes:

"I enjoy reading the H.W.W.C. very much, and always look forward to the coming of *THE QUIVER* every month. I shall also be glad to help you in every way I can. I enclose 2s. to help with the Fund."

I am watching for a long letter, soon, please, *Agnes*.

Ronald McDonald sent me a pleasant letter with his gift to the Fund, as I mentioned last month. He says "a hydroplane base is going to be erected on the links, so there will be some excitement here, in *Leven*." He also tells me how keen some of our members are on golf, and that they have been getting up early in the morning to play. On *May Day* they were out specially early and washed their faces in the *May Dew*.

The *Leven Group* has treated me very generously in the way of letters this month. Thank you all.

Inez Aguilar is the writer of the next letter I take up:

"Fancy, *Alison*," she says, "I have another baby brother. He arrived on the scene on *March 14th*. He is just sweet! When I was in *Kingston* I saw a few of our members. I do wish you could pay *Jamaica* a visit. How glad we should all be to see you!"

And how delighted I should be to come!

You will enjoy hearing some of *Elsie Hibberd's* experiences in *Germany*, so here is a long quotation from her interesting letter:

"A friend of mine has come over to *England* from *Germany*. It is nearly two years since I have seen her, so you may just imagine how lovely it was. I lived with this friend when I was in *Germany*, and I would like now to tell you of some of the lovely things we did, but I am afraid I cannot say much this week. There is one thing, though, that was so nice, and always is so, in *Germany*.

"All young girls have what they call '*but Krauschen*.' In *English*, if we had it, it would be



Irene King-Turner.

THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

'a wreath of friends'—a circle, so that it never ends. About six or seven young girls being friends, arrange to have alternately at one another's houses an afternoon. There were seven of us: Julie Plueger, Julie Zimann, Hedwig Henzler, Lori Kienlen, Berta Sharmann, Ilisa Barwolff and myself. I was the only English girl, and I quite enjoyed myself. Every Wednesday we used to be at a chosen house at 3 o'clock. We took our sewing, whatever it might be. Julie Plueger was always making beautiful lace frocks for babies; she was keen on that work, and although she had no special baby to make for, I think she used to give to bazaars and sales. She had a prize at the Art Class.

"We all had our own special things we liked doing best. When we went to Julie Plueger's we always had a nice surprise. She had such a sweet mother, and on our tea plates we used to have a bunch of flowers each, or something exciting. She had no father, but her loss was quite made up by her sweet mother. From their dining-room they had a veranda, and we used to sit out there, and once we watched the Carnival on a Kranz day. At Lori's we used to have a good time, as they had a very nice house, and we always had ginger beer and Café Kuechlein. Ilisa's supper generally was composed of fruit salad, and Hedwig's was ice pudding. At ours we used to dance after tea, and by the time supper was ready, to look at our needlework, one was surprised to see so little done. Berta Sharmann had a glorious sister who we were all keen on. In winter we used to go tobogganing before tea, and then do our sewing after. They were all such nice girls that it was a pleasure to be with them. They all learned English at the school, and so they used to ask me to help them with their homework, and it used to be such fun. I think for girls who are not old enough to go to business it would be nice here to have these Kraenze. My mother used to have one between some lady friends of hers, but now she has dropped it, as it didn't act. You see you want to keep it just between yourselves, otherwise it is no Kranz. Some of these ladies used to bring a friend, or when it was at their house they used to ask others as well; it was nice for these, but it spoiled the effect—for they didn't belong to it, and, therefore, did not have it at their houses, and the circle was broken. But in Germany we just were alone, and had it quietly, not quiet in the way of noise, but just between ourselves.

"This summer I am going over again to Germany, and I hope to see all the Kraenzchen maids; it will be a pity, though, that Julie Zimann is here, as it would have been nice for all Kraenzchen together. I must, however, not write more now. Next time I will tell you about a German Christmas, as that, too, is lovely.

"I enclose rs., and will you be good enough to send me a badge in the form of tie-pin? If this is not sufficient money, I will send the rest on, but I believe it said in THE QUIVER that they were rs.

"Thanking you very much for your letter, and in anticipation of the badge pin, I remain, Yours affectionately, ELsie M. HIBBERD."

We hope the letter about Christmas will come in time for us to learn some good games or fresh entertainment for our own Christmas!

The next I find is one of Mrs. Gregory's gracious notes and the gift for our children, at least the money is for Violet.

"I was very pleased to see from the May number," she writes, "that you have added another boy to our family."

Mrs. Gregory was going to Norway this summer, and I told her it would be very delightful for us to hear some of her adventures, if she could find time to write to us.

I must tell you next about *Girlie Budd's* magazine, "The Sunbeam." Like the one run by Jean Best in Aberdeen, it is in the interests of our Fund, and the fine sum of 5s. 6d. was enclosed in the letter as a result of the two numbers that had appeared. The magazine is all in the handwriting of the editor, and is illustrated most gaily with water-colour paintings. A whole page is given to THE QUIVER and our children's affairs. A couple of pages in these two numbers are filled by coloured illustrations and rhyming instructions on "How to be Healthy." A serial, "The Promise," started in the second number. So you see the editor has to be truly busy, as have all editors worthy of the name. We all congratulate Girlie, and wish "The Sunbeam" a successful career.

"People are always asking the meaning of my Q.C. badge," Girlie says, "and everyone thinks it so pretty. I always wear it."

"I am very glad to hear that we have got a new protégé," writes Emily Ramsay, "and I am sending sixpence for him. Irene (my sister) and I have a governess, who comes to our house every day, but she is in Italy just now for a holiday. We are expecting her back soon. We have a canary and a dog. Jim, the dog, is getting old now, but after we have finished tea he always waits for his cup, and if it is too hot, or not the right colour, he won't take it."

A New Zealand letter comes next. Agnes Hawke sent 2s. for our Fund, and acknowledged her membership card:

"There is to be a show in Greytown. I am going to send some button-holes worked on calico. At the show before last I got second prize, and in the last show I got first prize. I am learning dressmaking, and like it very well so far."

Nannie McDonald, who is Secretary of the Leven Group, sent 4s. 6d. from the Companions there.

"Our President will have told you in her letter," she notes, "of the increase in our membership. I know that you will be expecting great things of us now. I think we must try to do something next winter, taking an example from our Companions in Macduff. I think it has increased our sense of responsibility, and also our enthusiasm, to know that we have now four protégés, and we all hope that our new one will be as happy as the other three in their Western homes. We have started golfing again now that



Girlie Budd.

THE QUIVER

the better weather is here, and I sometimes meet one or two of our band on the course."

It was a particular pleasure to hear once more from our old friend *Phyllis Brissenden*, and to receive from her another present for our Violet Fund:

"I had been looking forward to the May Quiver, and had wondered what your good news was to be, but I had never dreamed of another protégé. This is indeed good news. I expect you have noticed that this is not yet the fourth year of the Companionship, and we have four protégés, which shows the exceedingly good work done on the part of some of the Companions especially. I have been spending a fortnight in the country. My sister and I cycled up (about twenty miles) one day. We had a glorious run, the wind being kind enough to be behind us for once. The country is looking simply perfect now. I think I like May better than any other month, with all the various kinds of trees and flowers coming out. I also like August, if it is not too wet and too hot, because of the bathing and picnics, which we were not able to do a great deal of last year."

Hilda Oneay forwarded her contribution to the Fund with just a short note:

"We are having a gay time in Grenada now. There are two cricket teams here, one from Trinidad and the other from St. Lucia, and they have been playing during the last week, and will continue for the whole of this week. I have not been able to go to see any of the matches, as I am going to the dentist. With love to the Three, and the Companions and yourself."

Irene King-Turner also sent a note with her gift to our Fund. She is busy studying for a music examination. Having already passed four, she hopes to go on until she has passed them all!

Another communication from New Zealand is a card just crammed with writing, from *Irene Collier*. She tells me about the card picture, which shows some of the old Maori carving at Papawai. Then:

"I go to the High School now, and I have more home-work than I used to. The lessons I do not like are geometry and grammar. Did you like these?"

That pile of letters still seems very big, and I shall not manage to read you all of them. Those whose names are not specially mentioned must understand that I thank them every bit as much, though.

Madge Williams was staying near to London late in the spring, and we had a jolly Saturday afternoon together, and she wrote after her return:

"What a splendid piece of news that was in the May Corner," she comments. "It is almost too good to be true. May our 'family' get larger and larger. Next time it will be another girl, won't it? We will all have to give a 'long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together' now, won't we? Philip looks a sunny little fellow. I am sure he will have a happy life in those lovely homes. Would it not be nice if we could have a 'Special Effort Day,' on which everyone would try to earn as much as possible for the Fund? I am sure the result would be quite a nice sum."

Well? What do others think of Madge's suggestion?

Yet another old friend to write was *Frances Winsor*. *Josephine* is at the Royal Academy Art School, and Frances so busy at school, and they have neither of them had time for the competitions lately. I am glad José has been able to follow her bent and study drawing. Do you remember she won one of our drawing competition prizes, one for illustrating a scene out of "Robinson Crusoe"?

Another pleasure this summer was in seeing *Jean Best*, who has been spending a long holiday in the South.

There is no competition result to announce this month. The Letter Prizes, though, go to *Elsie Hibberd* (Wood Green), and *Marie Da Costa* (Jamaica). As I send this to the printers I am hoping you are all busy with those summer competitions.

There is no news this month from our children, but we may take it that that means all goes well with them.

A happy August and glorious holiday hours to you all is the wish of—

Your Companion Friend,

Alison.

RULES

"ALISON" is glad to welcome as members of the Corner all readers young enough to enjoy the chats. The Coupon is in the advertisement section.

The Competition Rules are three only, but they must be observed:

- (a) One side only of the paper is to be written on.
- (b) The full name and address must be given on the final page.
- (c) Age last birthday is to be stated also.

Foreign and Colonial Companions are allowed an extra month.

A prize is given to every Companion who gets twelve others to join.

SLENDER FIGURE AND PERFECT HEALTH

FAT FOLKS TRANSFORMED

THERE is something marvellous in the way Antipon transforms over-stout men and women into slim and shapely persons enjoying the best of health. Antipon is the recognised standard remedy for the cure of corpulency, and its enormous sale throughout the British Empire and abroad is without precedent.

Antipon is in every sense a perfect remedy—a tonic and fat reducer combined. The cures it so easily and pleasantly effects are permanent, and at the close of a course of Antipon the subject is once more enjoying robust health and is full of fresh energy, mental and physical. The following unsolicited letter from a lady of Hove, Sussex, gives a clear idea of the transforming power of Antipon. This and hundreds of other similar letters of thanks may be seen in the original at the Offices of the Antipon Company:—

"I am most completely satisfied with the result of the Antipon treatment in my case. It has not only decreased the painful stoutness, but it has had a wonderful tonic effect on my whole system. I feel better than I have done for a long, long time. When I had recourse to Antipon it was a counsel of desperation, for I felt so far from well, so utterly run down and unfit for any exertion. I feel a different being now."

The lasting eradication of the obese tendency, a bodily disposition sometimes so

stubborn as to be inexplicable, is brought about by Antipon during the rapid elimination of the superfluous fat. Remains, then, the necessity of reinvigorating the system weakened by the fatty excess.

This Antipon does by toning up the whole organism, and especially the digestive system. Appetite is healthily revived, and, there being no absurd food restrictions to observe, the subject at once begins to enjoy the wholesome pleasures of the table, and thereby swiftly regains strength and vitality. The fleshy parts, freed from needless and disfiguring fat, soon recover firmness and outward shapeliness, the whole body being thus reduced to slender beauty of form. The nervous system is also restrengthened. There is a reduction of from 8 oz. upwards within twenty-



A REVERIE.—When I picture myself before I took Antipon, only a few months ago.

four hours of starting the treatment.

Double chin and bagginess about the cheeks, etc., are removed, and the skin and complexion rebeautified.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), privately packed, carriage paid in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

Antipon can be had from stock or on order from all Druggists and Stores in the Colonies and India, and is stocked by wholesale houses throughout the world.

How to Have Cheerful Breakfasts

It is said that if one keeps cheerful until ten o'clock in the morning he is safe for the rest of the day.

Here is a good way to start the day right: Serve a new and enticing breakfast.

Surprise your folks to-morrow morning with a dish of Puffed Rice or Puffed Wheat. Then watch the faces smile. For everyone, young and old, welcomes these foods.

Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat are gigantic grains of rice and wheat respectively, puffed to eight times natural size; made four times as porous as bread.

They are puffed by a steam explosion — by being “shot from

guns.” Every starch granule is thus blasted to pieces, so that the digestive juices can act.

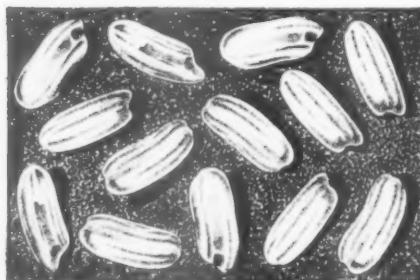
Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have the natural grains made porous and digestible, nut-like and crisp.

They are different from, and far better than any other cereal food—no trouble, no cooking, ready to serve with milk or fruit.

Serve them once. It will mean good cheer for one breakfast. Then let your folks say if they want them again.

Order one packet of each of them now, from your grocer.

Puffed Rice, 7d.



Puffed Wheat, 6d.



If your grocer has not Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat, send us your name and address on a post card and we will see you are supplied.

P.1. QUAKER OATS, LTD., FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

The Switches of Life

I YIELD to no man in profoundest reverence for turning points—those little switches that change the whole direction of a life's course. The odd thing about them is that we never know the time when they are happening. You go out in the morning as usual, but stroll up one street rather than another, you don't know why, yet something happens, and everything thereafter is changed for you.

A Newspaper Story

I had, at least, once an experience of the kind. On a gusty day in a critical time of my youth, a newspaper, flung away by someone, came swirling round my feet in the street. I kicked it aside several times, but it came back with the wind, fluffed round my feet again and again, till I was compelled to pick it up and look at it—to find there an item which not only changed the whole course of my career, but also led to events which have left their shape on everything connected with me since.

And it was just such a switch that altered all the life-plans of Alfred Austin, the late Poet Laureate. Grinding away at Brighton for a Civil Service exam., his eyes wandered to the flashing sea. It was enough: he tossed the grind-book from him and shifted his whole career.

A letter is lying on my desk from an old friend, in which she reminds me that years and years ago I spoke to her juvenile daughter about the sad state of the poor cripples in London, and enlisted her sympathy. From that day to this I heard nothing about this girl, but it seems my words had sunk in, and now, a young lady, she is giving herself, heart, soul and cash, for work among the cripples. Yet I fear when I spoke I hadn't the least idea that I was switching a switch.

But this is one of the things that come within everybody's experience, and many could better any I have known.

Sir Walter Scott, out of his marvellous and multifarious memory, cites an old saying, "Cripples are impudent: break your leg and try." The test is rather a crucial

one, but it is powerfully effective, if for nothing else, to efface the alleged quality. In my experience it has been all the other way: I have found *child-cripples*, anyhow, so far from being impudent, are most sensitively shy—perhaps because, poor things, they have seldom known the joy of being uppermost in a tussle. But the fractured leg, being an actual touch of experience, has a wonderful influence in waking sympathy in some practical fashion, as witness the interest of many big-hearted members of the League.

The fact is that most people think of cripples only in the general, till some switch, some word, some incident in their own lives, wakens them to some personal application of their general reveries.

My mind has run along this line because of a pretty little pamphlet from Sir John Kirk, which the postman has been good enough to convey to me. I am hoping it may be a turning point with some who have been thinking of cripples only in the vague. It is summer, and the sweet languor of the season turns the thoughts of most folk on their own annual outing. Far off or near, wherever we hope to roam, it is sure to be a place studded with glories, and we expect to return to our dusty work like giants refreshed. And so may it be.

The Double Tether

But what of the crippled bairnies? They are children tethered by the leg or the spine, but tethered still more by their poverty. Take some cases:

"A little girl. Father a bootblack; mother, going blind, makes mats. An appalling poor case. Family look half-starved, mother too weak and ill to work. A table and bed the only furniture."

"Six children; father out of work; mother in bad health, tries to do charring; *all* the children in poor condition. Net income 6s. 6d. per week."

"Mother a widow, does washing; living with five children in a single room. Net income 5s. per week."

Is a holiday possible for such as these

THE QUIVER

without help? And who needs it more? They are children, and if ever a season was made for any in special, the summer was made for children. Can we look after our own, and romp with our healthy bairns on the sea-sand or the burgeoned country lane, with never a thought or care for these poor prisoners of God? No good heart can think so. The one thing needful is to put the good feeling into a practical form and give what we can for the pale little sufferers who so sadly need a change but can never have one unless help comes from outside. We smile sometimes at what people are thankful for, but there was a fine glimmer of grace in the healthy wee laddie who thanked God that he wasn't born with a wooden leg! There is room for that grateful spirit in most of us, if it would only take practical shape.

A Happier Turning Point

An outing for the crippled children means a happier turning point for many of them—new health, new hope, new and glorious memories to sweeten their blood for another year. And the cost is so small! A cripple can be sent to the sea side or country and be kept there for a fortnight for 12s. 6d., and a normal child for 10s. It is not very reader, however, who can afford so much, but there are few who cannot give something, and make a whip-up among friends for the rest, and the man or woman is rare who is not ready to give something to make a frail child happier.

Whatever is sent—much or little—to Sir John Kirk, J.P., Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union Holiday Homes Fund, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C., will be gratefully acknowledged and applied. From Sir John also, for a stamp, may be received all further particulars as to the Crutch-and-Kindness League.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH

Miss Daisy Ball, Southsea, Hants; Miss Mary Ballantyne, Langbank, Renfrewshire; Miss M. Balmer, Katoomba, New South Wales; Mrs. Beckett, Forest Gate, Essex; Sturge Blundell, Hokianua, New Zealand; Mrs. L. A. Bridger, Croydon, Surrey; Miss Irene Butler, Stellenbosch, South Africa.

Master Carson, Cloncallow, Ireland; Miss Emma Cochrane, Upper Rathmines, Co. Dublin; Miss Ellen Coley, Brondesbury, London, N.W.

Miss Daws (for Junior C.E.), Shanklin, Isle of Wight.

Miss Lizzie England, Boscombe, Hants. Miss Florence Fleming, Brown's Town, Jamaica; Miss Gertrude Fowler, Herne Hill, London, S.E.; Mrs. Fraser, York; Mrs. C. E. Frith, Turk's Island, British West Indies.

Mrs. Garner, Surrey Hills, Melbourne; Mrs. Glasboro, Wanstead, Essex.

Mrs. A. J. and Miss E. Harvey, Verulam, Natal; Mr. F. J. Hopkins, Wootton, near Canterbury.

Mr. N. R. Jennings, Blackheath, London, S.E.; Miss Kitty Johnston, Scotby, Cumberland.

Mrs. Edmund and Master Gareth P. Kinkad, Kingston, Jamaica.

Mr. J. W. Marshall, Highworth, Wilts; Miss Alison Matthew, Stellenbosch, South Africa; Misses Evelyn M. and Helen M. Matthews, Chelmsford, Essex; Miss Una Moffet, Gaskhill, Perth.

Miss Violet Oswald, Kinross, N.B.

Miss Catherine Prowse, Llandudno, North Wales. Albert Reed (Scout), Blackheath, London, S.E.; Misses Helen M. and Frances Ritchie, Dunedin, New Zealand; Mrs. Roughhead, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire.

Miss M. Salmon, Colchester, Essex; Miss Isabella Scott, Kingsbarns, N.B.; Mr. Alan J. Shearer, Edinburgh, N.B.; Miss G. M. Spear, Plymouth, Devon.

A. T. Tregear, Esq., Bendigo, Victoria, Australia. Miss A. P. Valpy, Grouville, Jersey.

Miss Alice Walden, Walderston, Jamaica; Mrs. R. X. Weekes, Ivybridge, South Devon; Master Donald B. Wilson, Balsall Heath, Birmingham.

Elsie Willis, Leslie Pycraft, Manon Dublax, Victoria High School, Hampstead. (Group 44.)

Misses N. Lawson, Laura Franklin, Flossie Rawlinson, Margaret Holmes, Ethel Burton, Onehunga, New Zealand. (Group 16.)

Misses Ella Phillips, Eva Wise, Grace Christy, Gladys Bethune, Hokianua, New Zealand. (Group 104.)

Misses Florence Walker, Heath Spencer, Brenda and Edna Kenderdine, M. Earl, Beatrice Oliphant, Auckland, New Zealand. (Group 38.)

J.C.E. Sunshine Committee, Cleavelands, Exeter.

Misses Myrtle Blakey, Merle Smeeton, Alice Haselden, Ruth Jenkins, Alice Baker, Jeanette Hall, Auckland, New Zealand. (Group 39.)

Friends from Dunedin, New Zealand, per Miss Stewart.

Students at Mount Eden College, Auckland, New Zealand.



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BIRD'S is the *Pure* Custard, which children love and thrive upon.

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the *Perfect Custard.*

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POWDER
KILLS

BUGS
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SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGES

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

AUGUST 3rd. THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT

Psalm cv. 23-36

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Pharaoh versus God. (2) The catalogue of plagues. (3) The king's rebellion overcome.

Against God

IT was doubtless very hard for the proud king of Egypt to understand that there was a mightier than he, and that this mighty One was the God of the despised Hebrews. But he had to learn the lesson, difficult as it was.

It is said that over in France there are those who so hate all religion that they have tattooed upon their arms two letters that stand for "Against God." That is shocking to the Christian mind, and yet there are many who are "against God," as Pharaoh was, though they may not profess their opposition so openly.

The Divine Care

In spite of the opposition of Pharaoh, God was caring for His own people and leading them out to their new destiny. Preaching recently on God's care for His children, Dr. A. C. Dixon told a thrilling story about an old miner in Pennsylvania. He was at the bottom of a shaft one day, and, looking up, saw that a dynamite cartridge was about to fall down it. If it should crash on the stones at the bottom it would explode, and death would come to the miner and many others as a result. "With a prayer in his heart he put himself right underneath, and said, 'God help me to catch it.' And the cartridge fell off, and he caught it. He used God in his work."

Pharaoh was the cartridge falling upon the children of Israel, but God had them under His protecting love, and the strength of Egypt's powerful king was impotent against them.

AUGUST 10th. THE PASSOVER

Exodus xii. 1-42

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) A new epoch opens. (2) The slain lamb. (3) Egypt in mourning.

The Place of Safety

WHILE the destroying angel was abroad in the land, God provided a means of safety for

His own. God is ever a refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Dr. Andrew Bonar tells us that there is a plant called samphire, which grows only on cliffs near the sea. But, though it grows near the salt waves, yet it is never found on any part of the cliff which is not above the reach of the tide. On one occasion a party of shipwrecked sailors flung ashore were struggling up the face of precipitous rocks, afraid of the advancing tide overtaking them, when one of their number lighted upon a plant of samphire growing luxuriantly. Instantly he raised a shout of joy, assuring his companions that they were now in safety. The sea might come near this spot, and perhaps cast up its spray, but would never be found reaching it. Such was the position of the Israelites who were under the shelter of the blood; they were quite safe while the destroying angel was bringing death into the homes of the Egyptians.

Robert Louis Stevenson's story of the storm that caught a vessel off a rocky coast and threatened to drive it and its passengers to destruction is thrilling. In the midst of the terror one daring man, contrary to orders, went on deck, made the dangerous passage to the pilot house, saw the steersman lashed fast to his post holding the wheel unwaveringly, and inch by inch turning the ship once more out to sea. The pilot saw the watcher and smiled. Then the daring passenger went below and gave out a note of cheer: "I have seen the face of the pilot, and he smiled. It is all well."

Happy is the man who can say, when danger and death seem near, "I have seen the face of my Pilot, and He smiled."

AUGUST 17th. CROSSING THE RED SEA

Exodus xiii. 17-xiv. 31

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The delivered people led by God. (2) The miracle at the Red Sea. (3) The fate of the Egyptians.

CARLYLE wrote: "When I drive along the turnpike and come to the toll-gate, and, putting a penny in the slot, the gate swings back on the hinges, its opening is a miracle to my horse, but not to me, for I understand the mechanical

THE QUIVER

device that accomplished the feat. Just so in the higher realm; what seems miracle to us is no miracle to God, but simply the ordinary working out of the laws He first ordained and ever keeps in operation."

A Helper in Trouble

It is said that strangers in Philadelphia, learning of Dr. J. R. Miller, used to ask how such a plain, unassuming man could have the influence ascribed to him. Once a visitor to his church looked from the characteristic Sunday evening audience that filled the building to the speaker, who could be heard only with difficulty at the back of the church, and asked: "How does he do it? Where is the man's power?" One standing near replied: "Oh, sir, if you were in trouble, and Dr. Miller called on you or wrote to you, you would never ask that question again."

AUGUST 24th. THE BREAD FROM HEAVEN

Exodus xvi. 27—xvi. 36

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Murmurings among the people. (2) How the manna came.

A NEW trouble faced the Israelites with regard to their food supply. And once again it was demonstrated that human perplexity was the occasion for a display of Divine power.

Mrs. D. Crawford, the wife of the famous African missionary, has been through many thrilling experiences, and she tells of a remarkable incident. Marching through the "long grass," the food gave out, and, overcome by want and fever, she lay down, apparently to die. Seeing her in this plight, her savage attendants began to taunt her, declaring that the God whom she served was powerless to help, and that there could be no escape from death. But the brave woman did not give up hope. Suddenly raising her hand as she lay on the ground, scarcely able to move, she pointed towards the sky, and as they turned their eyes upwards the natives saw an eagle flying overhead with a large fish in his talons. Frightened by the noise made by Mrs. Crawford's men, the great bird dropped the fish, which fell upon a flat rock in the river, where it lay until one of the black boys swam out and secured it. The fish was speedily cooked, and after eating a small portion of it Mrs. Crawford was able

to resume her march. This food, it appears, was the one thing that could have effected a cure at the particular time. If the fish had fallen into the water it would have sunk to the bottom and been lost; if it had dropped into the long grass it would scarcely have been possible to recover it; but by descending upon the one flat stone in the river it lay within reach, and performed its God-appointed duty.

AUGUST 31st. ISRAEL AT MOUNT SINAI

Exodus xix. Hebrews xii. 18-24

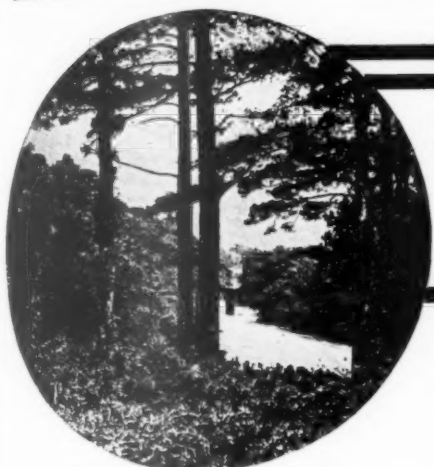
POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) God and Moses. (2) The majesty of God impressed upon the people. (3) The new covenant.

THE first Moravian missionaries to the Kaffirs of Africa could reach them only by selling themselves into slavery, and so being put beside them in daily life. In this way they were able not only to give them the Gospel, but to live the Gospel. It was such sacrifice and proof of love that at last won the Kaffirs' hearts. God took His people out of the slavery of Egypt; but again and again they forgot His goodness.

The One who is Able

In one of the classics there is a story about Cyrus entering Armenia and taking the King of Armenia and all of his family prisoners. They were all ordered to come into the presence of Cyrus, who said: "Armenius, you are free, for you are sensible of your error. And what will you give me if I restore your wife to you?" "All that I am able." "What if I restore your children?" "All that I am able." "And you, Tigranes," said Cyrus, turning to the son, "what would you do to save your young wife from servitude?" "Cyrus," he replied, "to save her from servitude I would willingly lay down my whole life." "Let each have his own again," said Cyrus, and when he departed one spoke of his clemency, another of his valour, another of his beauty and the grace of his person, upon which Tigranes asked his wife if she thought him grand looking. "Really," she replied, "I did not look at him." "At whom did you look?" "At him who offered to lay down his life for me," was her noble answer.

Christ not only offered to lay down His life for us, but He did lay it down, and such love and sacrifice surely demands a response on our part.



MEETING OF THE WATERS, KILLARNEY.
Photo by Lawrence, Dublin.

South-Western Ireland

For Beauty and Sunshine.

A REFLEX OF PARADISE.

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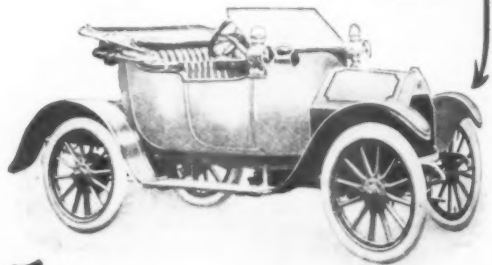
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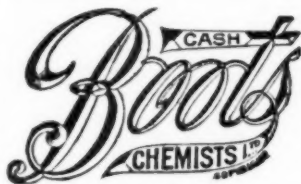
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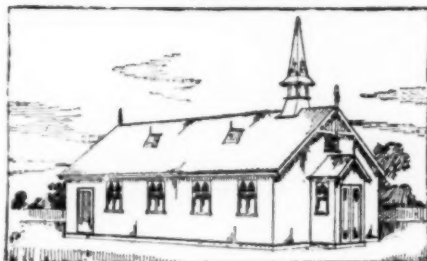
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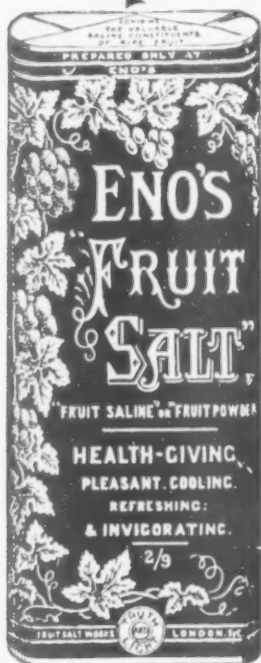
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